

# THE RAMBLER.

A Catholic Journal and Review.

---

VOL. I. *New Series.*

JUNE 1854.

PART VI.

---

## THE STATE'S BEST POLICY.

IT is necessary to preface the remarks we are about to offer with a definition of the sense in which we apply the term "Protestant" to the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. We call it a "Protestant Government" merely for the convenience of the phrase, and because, as a matter of fact, its members are nearly all Protestants. So far as the Government and the Legislature are to be taken as representing the nation, we repudiate and protest against the term "Protestant." We are not a Protestant people; we are a people of mixed religions. The law of the land recognises a perfect equality between the various divisions who bear the Christian name, with the sole exception of excluding Catholics from the throne and the woolsack. To call us a Protestant nation is a misnomer, a falsification of fact, an insult, and a trick. It is the embodiment of the abominable notion that Catholics have not equal *rights* with other Englishmen. It is the cunning re-assertion of the old falsehood, that a man in becoming a Catholic ceases to belong to the British or Irish nation. It assumes that we exist on the soil, hold property, and exercise legislative and other functions, by virtue of some special immunity, granted us by the magnanimous toleration of those who alone are entitled to sway the destinies of the kingdom. As such, we condemn, we denounce, we utterly reject the appellation. We assert that *every* right which belongs to a Protestant belongs by all laws of justice to a Catholic also. When we apply the term to the English Parliament and Ministry, we do nothing more than admit the fact, that the chances of the game of life have thrown the dominant

*power* of the country into the hands of those who, whatever else they may be, are not Catholics. When the Whigs are in office, the Tories do not admit that England is a Whig nation; nor do the Whigs permit the Tories to put forth any similar claim in their own behalf. We Catholics are practically out of office: we have to extort our just claims through fear or persuasion, when we ought to have nothing to do but to state our case as equals with our fellow-citizens. But we do this under protest that we are iniquitously treated. We declare that we have as good a right to be masters in our own transactions as the haughtiest and most powerful of the dominant sects who agree only in leaguing together against us.

Further, we protest against and repudiate the accusations brought against us of being "subjects of a foreign prince," and consequently unable to feel as other Englishmen, and unfitted to share the power of those whose allegiance to the laws is whole-hearted and sincere. We deny the imputation that our faith is an anti-national faith. We declare that the charge of disloyalty conveyed in the phrase "subjects of a foreign prince" is founded on a fallacious interpretation of those words, invented by craft and propagated by malice. We are not subjects of the Pope as the sovereign of an Italian state, but purely as a spiritual guide. We neither owe nor pay any allegiance whatsoever to any Italian government, or to any human laws whatsoever, except those of our own country. Catholicism is not more antagonistic to the decrees of a British Parliament than any other religion whose adherents believe that where the laws of God clash with the laws of men, the former are to be obeyed at all costs. We are not prepared to render a slavish, passive, absolute obedience to the dictates of the secular power, because we hold that the Christian revelation comes direct from God, and that the secular power *may* enjoin conduct inconsistent with the supreme authority of the revealed word of God.

What man calling himself a Christian does not hold the same? What Anglican, what Presbyterian, what Dissenter, is prepared to profess a rule of conduct different from this? Nay, what infidel, who does not go the extreme length of alleging that there exists no distinction whatever between virtue and vice, would admit that in every possible contingency he would render a complete obedience to the laws of the land? True, the Pope is an Italian; and moreover, he is the sovereign of a small independent kingdom. But this is an accident; the Pope might be an Englishman, and his secular sovereignty is no necessary appendage to his spiritual supremacy. We obey him as the Head of the Christian Church,

and in that capacity only. If by any possibility his commands are in antagonism with an English act of Parliament, it is only because Christianity is sometimes in conflict with the regulations of men, whose aim is purely earthly in its character.

Probably, if human life, in its temporal and eternal relationships, had been fashioned by a mortal intelligence, the possibility of this hostility between the authority of law and the dictates of the gospel would have been guarded against. If man had had the making of the universe, we may rest assured that it would have been a very different universe from what it now is. From the number of fingers on our hands, and the position of nose, mouth, and eyes in the face, up to the constitution of the Christian Church, every thing would have been marvellously better than it is in that strange world which Infinite Wisdom has created. Not the least of the "improvements" would have been the prevention of these conflicts between the Church and the State. We should never have witnessed the anomaly of a revelation forbidding in some instances that obedience to "the powers that be," which as a rule, and in the most positive terms, it actually enjoins. Such troublesome affairs as apparently conflicting duties would have been unknown in this world of harmony and peace, and the "laws of the land" would have been, by a peculiar dispensation of Providence, in strictest union with the dictates of the gospel.

As a fact, nevertheless, this is not the case. No gift of infallibility has been conferred on the Sovereign and Legislature of England, or of any nation under the sun. Consequently, no man who believes in God and in Christianity can bind himself to an unreserved obedience to the laws of his country.

This, then, we hold to be the primary duty of every English legislator and every minister of the Crown—to recognise the indefeasible rights of conscience in every human being not an absolute atheist. We speak, of course, of legislators and ministers who are not atheists themselves; who either have a conscience, or who profess to have a conscience, and to believe in Christianity, or who at the least believe in the power of conscience in other men. With such persons, the first element in their legislative speculations ought to be the admission of this one mighty element in human life,—the existence of a tribunal superior to that of *any* human judgment-seat. If you would govern your subjects, not as slaves but as men; if you would construct a political system which shall be self-supporting, and command at once the respect

and attachment of those without whose co-operation it can have no true vitality ; if you would not do violence to every thing that is noblest, most enduring, most obedient, most worthy of cultivation, in the human beings whose destinies you would control,—make not a law, impose not a penalty, until you have once for all abdicated every claim to an undivided supremacy over the mind and heart of mankind. Galling as it may be to the pride of monarchs or governments, to accept a position inferior to that which another sovereign maintains invisibly in the souls of their subjects, the position *must* be accepted by every wise prince and legislature. The powers of God have not been delegated either to king or statesman ; and the king or statesman who disdains to sway any power but that against which there is no appeal, will find himself incessantly in conflict with the people whom he desires to rule like a god.

Asserting, then, our resolution to resign the rights of conscience to no earthly power, we repudiate the accusation that in so doing we stand apart from the rest of our fellow-countrymen, and lose our title to be regarded as loyal subjects. All that man dare render, we are ready to yield. We claim no more than every man claims, who knows that there is a God and a judgment to come. We assert our rights to follow the rules of our own religion ; and we declare that every government which attempts to wrest those rights from us is a traitor to that higher Power which gives to rulers their jurisdiction, and to laws their binding force upon the conscience. That jurisdiction and those laws we admit to be, in a certain sense, divine in their authority. Society and government are not a mere human device or institution. God, who made man a social being, Himself set up law and government, and made rulers His vicegerents upon earth. Believing, accordingly, in God, we obey the laws of the land ; not only from fear, or as a matter of interest, but in order thereby to please Almighty God Himself. But when those who make or administer laws fly in the very face of that authority which gives them their title to our obedience, obedience ceases to be their due. Laws made against Christianity are not *laws*, but the caprices of tyrants. If the ministry and legislature of this country, therefore, are what they profess to be, Christian in their principles and honourable in their intentions, they will not permit their judgment to be warped by the circumstance that we Catholics entertain different ideas from themselves as to what *is* Christianity. If they are really able to have done with bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and shallow spite, they will address themselves to the great work of governing the Catholic population

of the empire on a basis which recognises in the fullest sense our rights of conscience as Christians, who have a Master in heaven whom we are determined to obey.

Unhappily, in this and every age, alike in Protestant and Catholic states, it is seldom that statesmen can be brought to view the question in this rational and Christian light. They will not be content with the position assigned them by the God of nations. They are beset with a temptation to arrogate to themselves a power to which they have no just claim. They insist upon stigmatising as rebellious and disloyal every subject who rejects their supremacy in things spiritual; or, when driven from this monstrous pretence, they take refuge in the abominable theory, that it is the part of a wise and prudent government to rule its people through their passions and their infirmities, and not through their virtues and their conscience. Kings have rarely had but one maxim—*Divide et impera*. One religious sect is to be played off against another sect. Men who, united, would not submit to violations of their conscientious scruples, are to be managed by means of their mutual jealousies. Traitors to their own principles are found to be the readiest instruments in forwarding the designs of those who would rule a people with a rod of iron.

And nowhere has this Machiavellian policy thriven more successfully than in our own country. The innumerable diversities of opinion in all matters, religious and otherwise, which prevail in the British and Irish races, is an irresistible weapon in the hands of a crafty government, whose sole object is to retain its own power and keep its subjects in peace. An English minister must be simple indeed, who, with Catholic and Protestant, Establishmentarian and Dissenter, Methodist and Socinian, Irvingite and Mormonite, Jew and Atheist, all spread out before him like chessmen on a board, cannot contrive to wheedle so multifarious a generation into interminable divisions, suspicions, and quarrels, rendering them as a whole most perfectly subservient to his own schemes. It is only the most infatuated Tory, or the lowest Puritan, or a Premier in a transitory passion, who can be at a loss for resources, with such a chaos of elements as the imperial kingdom presents ready to his hands for cunning organisation. Brains, temper, disregard of religion and carelessness for men's souls, are all that is necessary to give a British government an almost endless lease of power over such a people as this.

One only difficulty stands in the way of our rulers. The Catholic population is far more puzzling than any Protestant denomination. All the devices of diplomacy are needed for the management of us Papists. We are thorns in the side of

a minister, clever and unscrupulous though he be. Against Protestants his resources are ample. With an annual revenue of many millions, and all the honours which the world can bestow, the Establishment, shout and declaim as it may, is the most amiable of domestic servants. It may roar like a lion, but it will lie down like a lamb. With more than ten thousand snug vicarages and rectories, with acres of glebe without end, with Oxford and Cambridge all for its exclusive enjoyment, with six-and-twenty bishops in the House of Lords, besides "perquisites" enough to make the coldest expectant's mouth water,—what Premier can feel a moment's uneasiness respecting the mode of controlling so sleek and well-fed a member of the national household?

The Nonconformists, too, what are they? As a class of men, shopkeepers. Who could not keep the peace with a race of *bourgeoisie*? Tax them moderately; permit them ample indulgence of the tongue; spare them an occasional word of flattery; throw them a stray lord or so, now and then, to go to their meetings and tolerate their unctuous adulation; and lo, they straightway subside into the mildest of remonstrants; their consciences prove sufficiently elastic for all practical purposes; and as fast as they make fortunes in business, they quietly drop off from the dissenting branches, and are grafted into the sheltering and gentlemanly Establishment. Oh! what simple politicians were they who tormented the elder Puritans, and drove the "Pilgrim Fathers" to the New World! What a satire on a "government" was that which threw the reins of power into the grasp of Cromwell and his Ironsides! We know better in these days. We know better than to cut off Nonconformist ears, long though they may be. We pour sweet nonsense into those willing receptacles, and the land is free from Prynnes, and Hampdens, and Bunyans.

But when all else are disposed of, the Papist remains. He has certain peculiarities which render him an awkward subject for ministerial manipulation. First of all, he differs from all classes of Protestants in having one fixed, distinct, and perfectly-well ascertained religious creed. Hence the government wedge cannot be introduced into any of those doctrinal crevices, which prove so convenient in the case of others. Without imputing any extraordinary or conscious insincerity to a Protestant, it is certain that the vague and undefined character of his opinions enables statesmen of very moderate ingenuity to devise subtle compromises, by which the Protestant conscience is reconciled to the parliamentary or judicial decree. A person whose creed is purely a matter of private opinion is rarely so thoroughly of the same mind

for two years together, as to have any decent pretence for setting his "views" in glaring opposition to a clear, downright act of Parliament or magisterial sentence. Amid the endless fluctuations produced by the conflict of Thirty-nine Articles, Rubrics, Bishops' Charges, Biblical Criticism, Assembly's Catechism, Wesleyan Experiences, Evangelical Commentaries, Newspaper Articles, and Exeter-Hall Orations, opportunities for "statesmanlike" management occur in almost embarrassing profusion. With us, on the contrary, the Council of Trent, the Pope's Bulls, and sundry condemned Propositions besides, produce so decided a uniformity of faith, that it is hopeless for a government to try to divide us against one another on grounds of religious doctrine. Our faith of to-day will be our faith twenty years hence.

Further still, and worse still, we are, by our first principles, a compact, organised, and living body. Protestants, however numerically formidable, have no corporate strength. They are a mere aggregate of individuals. We, on the contrary, are a Church. Every blow struck at a single member sends a shock through the whole framework of which he is a portion. No man stands alone amongst us, and therefore no man can be injured without a proportionate suffering on the part of every fellow-Catholic in existence. Every person, moreover, having his own proper place and office in the organised whole, any interference with the fulfilment of his functions produces an instantaneous irritation and resistance in the universal body. No one can act alone. He *must* compromise, more or less, his superiors and his inferiors together. He cannot shake off his relation to his fellow-Catholics, and play into the hands of their opponents, without ceasing to be a Catholic, at least in spirit. Hence, a designing government cannot negotiate with, or practise upon, individual Catholics with the same facility as upon individual Protestants. It is not an easy matter to *divide us in order to govern us*. More or less, in some shape or other, the secular power is driven to recognise our spiritual authorities and the validity of our constitution. It is impossible, whatever acts of Parliament may say, to forget that a Catholic bishop is a real bishop, and that the sovereignty of the Pope is something different from the supremacy of the Queen.

In this dilemma, it is the usual practice with governments to adopt a far more odious system with Catholics than they find necessary in their dealings with Protestants. The fundamental principle of Protestantism allowing of and sanctioning disunion, a man may be a very good specimen of a Protestant, though he stands absolutely alone in his views

and conduct. Hence the secular power has no difficulty in finding most unexceptionable samples of Protestantism with whom to ally itself in its schemes for employing all religious sects as instruments for its own ends. If one man is stupid, obstinate, and pragmatical, another is at hand, at once respectable, accomplished, and facile. The government accordingly, wise in its generation, pays its court to the best types of the Protestant schools, and in their aid and service gathers new claims to the title of a Christian, an enlightened, a respectable power.

From amongst us, on the other hand, the system of rulers has generally been to fix upon the worst possible examples of Catholicism whom they could discover in our ranks. Whatever is least ultramontane, least spiritual, least anxious for the conversion of Protestants, least jealous of the encroachments of the world on the Church, least zealous for the honour of the episcopacy and priesthood,—that is the Catholicism through which English ministries have sought to carry out their aims in respect to the Catholics of the United Kingdom. We admit, undoubtedly, exceptions. We admit the perfect respectability, the personal piety of some individuals of all those who have attracted the eyes of ministers and parliaments. Here and there, further, we grant that they may have employed the services of thorough-going, undeniable, and utterly *Popish* men; who never for a moment suffered themselves to be hoodwinked, and would have sacrificed their lives rather than betrayed one iota of the independence of the Church. But, speaking generally, the English Government has sought its support in men in whom it well knew it would find, not friends, but tools. That such must always exist amongst us, is a necessary result of the infirmities of human nature. Many things are sufficient to make a man a very questionable Catholic, without amounting to a ground for excommunication, and without reaching the extent of voluntary apostasy. And these are they who have been the favourites of our rulers, and who still are, by too many of them, accounted the fittest instruments for neutralising the power of Catholicism when it comes into contact with the temporal power.

For ourselves, we need not say that we regard such a system as hateful in the extreme. It is Machiavellianism in its subtlest and vilest form. And we put it to every conscientious and honourable Protestant, whether such a system can possibly subserve the interests of the country where it is adopted. Is it likely, is it conceivable, that the *honourable* ends of the temporal power should be advanced by intercourse with the Catholic Church conducted by men who are partially

traitors to the cause they profess to serve? If the secular power *has* a divine authority,—if governments are designed to work for the benefit of the people, in harmony with, and not in perpetual contradiction to, the principles of Christianity, is it not monstrous to imagine that this alliance is to be maintained by means of the vilest intrigue, by assuming that the true wisdom of the State consists in tricking the Church, in denying her her rights, in employing her least trusted and least devoted servants?

We do not ask a Protestant Government to treat the Pope and his subjects on purely Catholic principles. We do not ask them to recognise the exclusive title to true Christianity which we claim. We ask only to be treated on the system on which all affairs are conducted between individuals, corporate bodies, and nations. We call upon the Queen's Government and the Houses of Parliament to admit that it is better to be at peace with us than to be at war with us; and to manage their relations with us through individuals whose name and character are irreproachable *among us*; who may be taken as representatives of thorough, unflinching Catholicism; and whose first object is, to beware of betraying the cause they are called on to protect. Who does not act thus in his intercourse with other men in secular affairs? If a house in trade would have honourable relations with another house, does it seek to establish a correspondence with the least-trusted of all the partners with whom it would be on terms of friendship? If the English Government negotiates with a foreign Government, does it prefer to communicate diplomatically with some half-hearted traitor to his own country, and not with duly-recognised representatives? If the Emperor of the French were to send over to London as an ambassador some disreputable Frenchman notorious for his disloyalty to France, and a well-known intriguer for his own private advancement, who would not account the English nation insulted by the mission of such a man? Who would expect to perpetuate the French alliance by negotiations with him? Who would place the slightest trust in the representations which he might make of the feelings and the intentions of France herself? Why, then, is the Catholic Church alone to be swindled into friendship? Why is this sneaking, insulting policy to be adopted towards us alone?

That such a policy should practically succeed is impossible. It may succeed in doing us mischief; but it will never succeed in furthering the best interests of this kingdom. No government was ever well served by a corrupted people. Good Catholics are far better subjects to Queen Victoria than

bad Catholics. In every lawful and creditable object which rulers can have in view, they will find Ultramontanism a better ally than Gallicanism. We do not say that Ultramontanism will serve the cause of despotism as well as Gallicanism will serve it. But if this country is to be ruled by *free and liberal* institutions, we repeat that the very worst school of Catholics with whom a ministry can ally itself is that debased semi-Catholic party which delights to reduce the Papal power to its lowest practical point; which apes the nationalising propensities of Protestantism; and accounts it a finer thing to be an Englishman, or an Irishman, or a Frenchman, than to be simply a Catholic.

As Catholics, be it remembered, we have no *wish* to be on terms of hostility with the secular power. If the State must needs plot against us or persecute us, we are perfectly content to take her as our enemy. In fact, moreover, she would frequently do us less mischief as an open enemy than as a deceitful friend. But we have no wish to create such hostility. We accept the truth that governments are of Divine institution, and that as such it is right that they should be on terms of amity with the Christian Church. In every age the Catholic Church has acted on this principle. Universal history shows us, that whatever the Church could conscientiously do to promote a harmony between her working and that of the secular State, she has ever done. We have no wish to inaugurate a line of policy different from that which has the sanction of the past. The Pope has ever been ready to do the very utmost to prevent any needless clashing between the two powers. If the secular power had shown one tenth part of the forbearance towards him which he has shown towards her, the records of mankind would have to be re-written for many a century. We desire, accordingly, to be on terms of good-will with every established government on earth, whether Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Pagan. And we allege that this good-will can be best preserved by the fullest, most open, and most cordial recognition of the essentially independent rights of the Catholic Church, and of the supremacy of the See of Rome over every portion of Catholic Christendom. The system of trickery is as pernicious to the state which adopts it as it is offensive to us who suffer from it. The really wise statesman will neither reject the friendship of the Church, nor will he seek it on other than honourable terms.

In saying all this, we must not be misunderstood as advocating, in our present circumstances, any of those arrangements, pecuniary or otherwise, which are frequently implied in the idea of an "alliance between Church and State." We

have no wish to connect ourselves with the government by accepting at its hands any incomes for our clergy, or endowments for our colleges. Still less do we desire any sort of secular rank or honour for our prelates. We want no favours; we demand only an exemption from tyranny and wrong, and that general treatment which men of honour and character have a right to expect in their intercourse with their fellow-countrymen. What we do desire may be best expressed by indicating a few examples of the manner in which, as matters have hitherto stood, we have been grossly wronged.

Take, first, the subject of education, and especially in Ireland. Of the "National" system we say nothing, especially as the conduct of the present ministry, on a recent important occasion, was an exemplification of that just and honest spirit whose universal adoption we call for. We should have little to complain of, if the tyrannical duplicity of our enemies was always as satisfactorily thwarted as was the *escapade* of Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, when he took huff because he was not allowed to turn the national system into an engine for corrupting the Catholic children of Ireland. The "godless colleges," on the contrary, furnish an illustration of that very system of trickery of which we so loudly complain. No man who will tell the truth can pretend that these establishments do not directly tend to shake the faith of all Catholics who receive their education within them. You might as well profess that the study of the daily London newspapers tends to make people Catholics, as that the education of young men, when conducted by Protestants, does not influence them towards Protestantism. It is an insult to our common sense to tell us that history or moral philosophy can be taught apart from *some* religious opinions. The ministry of the day, however, thought fit to establish certain colleges for the education of the middle and upper classes of Ireland, with the special view of including Catholic youth. What, then, would have been their conduct, if they had been sincere in their professions that they sought *only* their education, and not their conversion to Protestantism? Clearly to consult the Pope on the subject. They knew perfectly well that, without his consent, the colleges never could be really acceptable to Catholics as Catholics. But what was their conduct in fact? They attempted to cheat the Pope into giving his sanction to a scheme which they dared not propose to him in a straightforward, candid way. They were aware that differences of opinion existed among Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen on the question, and their notion was to play off one bishop against another; to negotiate, to

talk, to utter bombastic expressions, and to frame crafty regulations, by which they trusted to hoodwink his Holiness, or to place him on the horns of so awkward a dilemma as to drive him at least to tolerate a scheme which he yet would refuse to uphold. So far as creating divisions among Catholics went, they unhappily succeeded. But what have they gained? Nothing. Literally nothing, so far as the *good* of the State is concerned. They have irritated old sores, and actually perpetuated the wounds they fancied they would heal. Their colleges are undeniably a failure, and will sink lower and lower every year that goes by. The few unfortunate youths whom they will educate will prove neither good Protestants nor good Catholics; but unbelieving, conceited striplings, the enemies of all earnest religion, and the very worst possible specimens of loyalty which a deluded government can hatch for its own future punishment. All this evil simply comes from the desire of the Government to *dupe* the Pope into acquiescence with their schemes.

Another infamous wrong has been the usage of Catholics in gaols, and in the army and navy. A partial redress of this wrong is at length promised, but only a partial one; and doubts are now thrown upon the fulfilment even of this. As it is, thousands and scores of thousands of poor Catholics are turned into godless infidels, so far as the secular power can affect them. It enlists them in its ships, and allows no religious aid but those of Protestantism; while in its regiments, both at home and on service, its treatment of them is disgraced by every species of petty insult, niggardliness, and persecution. And what is true of the army and navy is true also, for the most part, of our gaols and workhouses. If the Government were to do its duty, and treat us as an honourable friendship between the Church and State would require, all this would cease in an instant. The question would not be whether Catholic chaplains are paid as much as Protestant chaplains; but whether Catholic soldiers, sailors, paupers, and prisoners, have every religious aid which their faith requires. We care nothing about what is done for Protestants. They may want more or they may want less than we do. Their clergy may expect three times the salary that ours expect. What is that to us? Let the State do its duty to them in their way, and to us in our way. Let it provide that *every* poor Catholic whose liberty it controls shall have the means of fulfilling the first duties of all Catholics. Let Catholic soldiers, sailors, paupers, and prisoners, hear Mass every Sunday and day of obligation. Let them have priests to hear their confessions when they wish it, and to minister to them in sickness and

death. And let no Protestant tricks be played upon their souls, under cover of those secular regulations to which the necessities of their cases have forced them to submit. Until we have *all* this granted to us, without stint or deception, we shall justly regard ourselves as ill-used and tyrannised over by the Government, which we really wish to uphold, if only it will deal fairly with us.

Equally unwise, on all principles of sound policy, has been the usual choice of Catholics made by different governments for office under the Crown. Whenever they have conceived it desirable to appoint a Catholic to a "place" of any kind, and still more so to an office in the ministry, their ordinary system has been, to select those who have the least title to represent the spirit of living and thoroughly Papal Catholicism. The less a man has been of a Catholic, the more agreeable has he been in a Premier's eyes. Or if he has been a Catholic in reality as well as in name, his character has been hampered with a past history which utterly forbids his appointment from strengthening the *morale* of the government which allies itself with him, and in no way tends to inspire the Catholic body, as Catholics, with confidence in his patrons.

This same fatal blundering has infected the present Ministry almost as perniciously as its predecessors. Lord Aberdeen, on entering office, wished, like a man of sense and statesmanlike views, to enlist some few Catholics among his supporters. That he found it no peculiarly easy matter to do this to his satisfaction we readily admit. Unhappily, we have so few men of political capacity and character amongst us, that had Lord Aberdeen been a devoted Catholic himself, he would have been compelled to search pretty keenly for such Catholic aid as he need not have been ashamed to invoke. As it was, he committed a most serious blunder. Of three Catholics whom he named to political office, two were wholly unfitted by their antecedents to give real strength to his ministry. In every respect Mr. Monsell's appointment was a wise and unexceptionable one; the other two, those of Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir, were simply suicidal. Of those gentlemen, as personally fitted for office, we have nothing to say; but they had just pledged themselves in so emphatic a manner against *any* such government as Lord Aberdeen's, that it was impossible that they could enter office with a single rag of political reputation. How far Lord Aberdeen was aware of their previous history we cannot tell; but we much doubt whether he knew any thing more of them than that

they were Catholics, and that Mr. Sadleir was a man of property and local influence, and Mr. Keogh a clever lawyer and effective speaker.

At the same time, it is of this very ignorance of the comparative merits of different Catholics, on the part of Protestant statesmen, that we loudly complain. They take no pains to ascertain our real internal condition and mutual relationships. They start by regarding us as natural enemies to the constitution and government of the kingdom; and if they employ us, it is on the principle of dividing us one against another, and so weakening our strength. Seeking to rule us through our infirmities and passions, all they care to know is, *who is to be bought*. That Catholic members of Parliament have given successive governments too much reason to imagine that we are all of us in the market, and that there exists no other and better spirit amongst us than what is displayed in violent personalities and clumsy intrigue, we are forced to confess, with no little shame and mortification. But we protest against its being supposed that we are really “represented” by men whose sole object is *place*, and whose chief occupation is fiery abuse of one another. And we venture to assure Lord Aberdeen, and every other Protestant who desires to know the true state of English and Irish Catholicism, that for the most part these noisy and disreputable place-hunters, whether in Parliament or out of it—these hangers-on upon every Whig administration that would throw them a bone to stop their howlings,—are Catholics of the lowest Gallican school, who care very little more for the Pope than for the Archbishop of Canterbury; and that they are the very last persons who can be taken as representing that living, energetic spirit of Catholicism which it ought to be the policy of every government to conciliate by honourable treatment.

In pressing these considerations on influential politicians, we have all along assumed that it was their principle to seek, by some means or other, to be on good terms with the Catholic portion of the people. That any man, with the slightest pretensions to the character of a statesman, should deliberately prefer a state of open hostility towards an immense section of the nation, would, apart from experience, seem simply impossible. Yet, unfortunately, there exists a class of men, not without their influence on the national counsels, whose stupidity so fatally predominates over their capacities, that they make it a first element in their policy to torment, to thwart, and to victimise us, by every possible engine they can set in motion.

With these men, to be a Catholic is to be guilty of deadly crime against the State. A Catholic is a traitor, an outcast, a villain, to be scorned, crushed, and exterminated.

To argue, then, with fanatics like these is bootless. They cannot argue with us; and knowing this, they prefer to scourge us into silence. For them there remains but the single motive of fear. Nothing will touch them but a dread of the consequences to themselves. To them, therefore, we say, What will you gain by refusing us our rights, by robbing us of the social and political advantages of which we are in possession, by bullying our nuns, by insulting our clergy, by trampling upon the consciences of our poor, by turning with a silly shudder from our aristocracy and gentry, or by denouncing us, in public and private, as liars, swindlers, traitors, intriguers, Bible-haters, and heretic-burners? We are several millions in number. We have property, influence, education, respectability, and intellectual power, which you envy, even while you profess to despise. All the laws you *can* enact, all the underhand and cowardly devices you can enforce in the relations of society, cannot turn us into Protestants, or reduce us to insignificance. Why, then, are you so senseless as to drive us to abhor you; to make attachment to the British Crown impossible; to convince us that British freedom in our case is an insulting mockery; to force us to desire the degradation of the English power, and to conclude that, as Catholics, we should gain by those chances of war which would convert Great Britain into the tributary of some foreign state? Do you call it doing good service to the Crown and Constitution to convert millions of the nation into silent favourers of what you would call treason; to turn that very class of the people whose creed peculiarly indisposes them to revolution, into a justly irritated anti-national party, whose joy will be in your humiliation, and whose discontent will be a cutting thorn in your sides? You *cannot* convert us; you see you cannot do it. We will not disown the Pope. We will not acknowledge the Queen's supremacy over our consciences. If you make laws against our religion, we will defy or evade them by every means in our power. Come what may, we will uphold the indefeasible rights of our consciences amidst contempt, mockery, chains, or even death. Are you mad, then, that you will go out of your way to create this opposition between our allegiance to God and our duties to the State? Are you in love with popular discontent, disloyalty, and an abhorrence of the English constitution on the part of those who have to submit to it, that you must needs treat us worse than you would treat Turks, pagans, and infidels?

To you, in parting, we say: Read, if you can, the signs of the times. Forget your nursery prejudices, your apocalyptic maunderings, your personal antipathies, and look abroad on the map of Europe, and into the dark places of the English social system. Can you foresee what is coming? Can you imagine that this nation is not now commencing a struggle in which no human eye can perceive the shocks she will encounter? Remember, that in the mutations of a long war England may be opposed to some power essentially Catholic; and that if there is one thing which such a power would desire, it would be the prevalence of discontent among the Catholic population of these kingdoms. You count all this as of little moment now that events are far off, and that a straightforward advance to conquest seems all that is required of the British nation. But we venture to break in upon your agreeable speculations by reminding you that in the time of your distress, with an exhausted treasury, with upper and middle classes rent by political divisions, with peasantry and operatives ground down to starvation and flaming with irritation, with diplomacy at fault, with fleets burnt and armies slaughtered, and with pestilence at your doors,—and all these things *may be*, and perhaps *will be*,—you will rue the day when you drew the sword against your Catholic fellow-countrymen, and made loyalty an impossibility amongst us.

---

---

#### THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

BE not alarmed, kind reader, when you see the title of this paper, at the thought that the Editor is about to favour you with his autobiography, from his childhood upwards. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is so true, that every poet's life is written from the time when he first “lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;” and Lord John Russell is obliged to find time amidst his parliamentary duties to publish an endless number of volumes about the most minute details in the private life of one of that privileged fraternity. But who cares to write the life of the child-editor? To be sure, if we could go back to those early days, we might perchance find some feeble germ of his future vocation in the form of a harsh or peevish criticism upon the omission of the letter *h*, or the purloining of a final letter from the Queen's adjectives, by his plebeian nurse; or in the clear perception which he had that his own compositions excelled those of his schoolfellows. But we write not

to-day of such a period in his life. Our song is rather of the successive *Numbers* of his journal, which each month so sternly demands.

We need not recur to old familiar comparisons, of the blind horse that turns hour after hour round the same circle; of the briefless barrister, who varies his dinner from mutton-chops to beefsteaks, and from beefsteaks to mutton-chops; of the young midshipman, who starts in his dream, only to find himself called to his dull watch at the same midnight hour:—all these at least *know* their fate; there is an order and a regularity about the execution of their duties, which, even though it be somewhat tame and monotonous, yet certainly is not vexatious or harassing. With the editor it is otherwise; when the present month's Number has gone forth, in its livery of green or yellow, to haunt the table of the learned, or to be buried under the piles of the daily papers in the club-room, until some good-natured contributor contrives to bring it to light, and to give it (his own paper not forgotten) a chance of being read and admired, the editor has not only to resume his unvarying course of duties, but is liable to all sorts of distressing annoyances through the unexpected interposition of certain disturbing causes from without. For instance, the newspaper critics have determined that the article on *The Pyramids of Scotland* was dull; and how, then, shall the editor venture upon continuing it in the forthcoming Number, as he had fully reckoned upon doing? Then, the author of a criticism on *Chinese Lawyers* was deeply offended, because, by a misprint, the chief mandarin was called a *fudge*, whereas *judge* was the word which he had used; and, "since his papers are to be made nonsense of after this fashion, through the unpardonable carelessness of the editor," he indignantly refuses to send any more contributions to so ill-managed a periodical. Or, again, a very able writer had promised us an article on the Eastern Question, and was anxiously waiting for the return of the deputation of the Peace Society from Russia, in order to prove triumphantly that Nesselrode has outwitted Louis Napoleon and Lord Aberdeen, when the latest telegraphic message in the Opposition papers announces that the Turkish Empire is a thing that was, a vision that has melted away, and a geographical name and shadow, to be looked for in vain, like wit in the House of Commons, or a civil answer to an address from Convocation; so there is an end of *that* article. In a word, it is an editor's monthly destiny to experience, in a most inconvenient manner, the truth of the homely saying, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." He may flatter himself that he has taken time by the

forelock, and that he sees his way through the next few numbers of his magazine, and that each one will be more brilliant than the last; yet a dozen unforeseen accidents may arise, deranging all his plans, and surrounding him with embarrassments. If the readers of monthly periodicals, which are made up of the contributions of many authors, would bear these things in mind, we are sure they would be more patient than they sometimes are under any disappointment they may themselves experience at the unusually *dry* character of some particular number; or the temporary interruption of some favourite series of papers; or the postponement of some subject of the day, on which they think we ought to express an opinion, &c. &c.

Then there is the race of publishers, who are ordinarily a fruitful “*fons et origo malorum*” to unhappy editors. It is true, indeed, that we ourselves are not so subject to inconveniences from this quarter as the editor of a Protestant periodical enjoying the same circulation would be. For there are but few Catholic books published in England and Ireland; and, speaking *generally*, Protestant publishers have not yet learnt that there is a considerable number of their Catholic fellow-countrymen who are interested in literary matters, and who are anxious both to know what new books are appearing, and whether they are written ably or otherwise, and also to have the opinion of some competent judge, as to whether the general subjects of which they treat are handled in such a manner as to be dangerous to the faith and morals, or offensive to the feelings of Catholic readers. For this reason, then, our library-table does not groan under “*presentation copies*” in the same way as that of a Protestant editor may be supposed to do. Nevertheless, we are not wholly exempt from some of the inconveniences to which we allude; and we are not sorry to have this opportunity of saying a few words about them. A year or two ago, a new quarterly periodical was started in London, the characteristic excellence of which, as set forth in its prospectus, was to be its unimpeachable honesty, and its independence of all bookselling connection. It was stated by its projectors, that literary criticism had degenerated, or was rapidly degenerating, into a mere sordid traffic; that it had become “but a bookseller’s bellman;” that it “represented, not the brains, but the breeches-pockets” of the literature of the day; in a word, that the several Reviews were so many “*puffing advertisements*” belonging to certain great houses in the trade. Now it is no part of our present purpose to inquire what degree of truth there may be, or whether there be any, in the allegations thus summarily brought against the

multiplied legions of Protestant Reviews; neither, again, do we propose to inquire whether similar complaints might with justice be made concerning any *Catholic* Reviews, either existing or defunct. Our concern to-day is with ourselves; and we are anxious to put on record—what, indeed, we had thought was sufficiently known, but for certain rumours, and certain more substantial letters, that have reached us, clearly showing the contrary; namely—that *this Review is wholly independent of any bookseller's connection whatever*. The *Rambler* is absolutely and entirely our own property; that is, the property of the editor, not of the publisher; and our criticisms are determined by the merits of the work criticised, not by the name of the bookseller which stands at the foot of the title-page. Should the house of Messrs. Burns and Lambert give forth to the world some atrocious translation of a foreign work, or commit any other offence against the commonweal of Catholic literature, it would be registered in these pages with the same honesty, and commented on with the same severity, as if it had proceeded from the respected press of Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson, or any of the mighty potentates of Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, Albemarle Street, or Paternoster Row. We know that our publishers are far too high-minded, and have too sincere a concern for the interests of Catholic literature, to wish for one moment that it should be otherwise; indeed, at one time, when we were anxious, for certain private reasons of our own, that they *should* take the property of this Journal off our hands, the offer was declined partly on this very ground, that a Review which was the *property* of a bookseller could not be so independent in its criticisms and its general character as a Review *ought* to be. But even were it otherwise, were our publishers as anxious to restrain our liberty as they have shown themselves unwilling to do so, the result would still be the same, for this simple reason, that, be their *will* what it may, they are absolutely without *power*, as long as we continue to hold the property in our own hands, and to publish at our own risk. Are they offended at any criticism we have made upon their publications? Let them settle their accounts with us immediately, and we shall have no difficulty in finding a hearty welcome elsewhere. But enough upon these personal concerns; on which we should not have entered, however, without a reason.

We were saying, that the publishers were often a very sharp thorn in the sides of an editor; speaking of an editor in the abstract, or of the word editor. One man is discontented because a handsome and costly volume which he sent was very

coldly noticed, or perhaps even sharply censured; another is heard to express his disappointment that the review did not contain some pointed compliment which would have looked well in an advertisement, such as "unparalleled in thought, and brilliant in expression;" "pre-eminently the book of the season;" "most classical in its Latin quotations, and perfect in the declensions of the Greek nouns," &c. Some publishers measure the value of a notice by the number of lines in which it is expressed, and are clamorous to have their books made the subject of special articles; whilst others only ask to have them briefly but pointedly recommended amongst the *Short Notices*. Sometimes we are censured for unnecessary delay, because we are not satisfied to run through the table of contents and the index of some valuable work, and so insert a worthless notice ten days after the sheets are out of the printer's hands, but choose rather to wait another month, that we may give an opinion which we shall not afterwards wish to retract. Sometimes, again, we excite a publisher's wrath because we have taken no notice of his third, fourth, or fortieth edition of some most diminutive *brochure*, as well known, and perhaps as uninteresting to the public, as the 'A B C' to a charity-school-boy; in other words, because we have not given him an advertisement *gratis*. Some of our contemporaries have adopted a convenient mode of shelving all such books as they do not think it worth while to give any definite opinion upon (or, at least, not at present), by announcing them all together as "books received." Certainly, some general formula would seem to be wanted, under which may be classed all those works towards which an editor may be excused for feeling perfect indifference. A friend, to whom we are greatly indebted for assistance in the critical department of our Journal, has supplied us with such a formula; and if it lack somewhat of that brevity which would be desirable, yet it must be allowed that it is quite as expressive as the circumstances will allow. It runs thus: "If any good is likely to arise from the perusal of this work—and we are not prepared to say that there is not—we are glad to see that it has been published; but if *no* good is likely to arise—and we are not prepared to say that there is—*transeat*."

Next to the publishers come the authors, to whom, indeed, a great deal of what has been said about publishers equally applies; but who have (in addition) certain special grievances of their own, which often cause them to be a fruitful source of trouble to the race of editors. They forget that, when once a work is published, it becomes in a manner public property; and that it is the special province and privilege of

critics to judge of what is thus set before them, and often to form a different estimate of its value from that assigned to it by its too affectionate parent. They therefore wish to have their say in reply to the editorial remarks, and must prove to him that it is quite certain they understand the science on which they have ventured to write far better than he does, and that he has done them gross injustice. A painter wonders why we found fault with the foreshortening of the Giant's nose in his illustrated edition of *Jack the Giant Killer*; it was the very point he prided himself upon, and all the best judges consider that it was a perfect triumph of art. A musician thinks that we *might* have noticed the pleasing introduction of the kettle-drums at the end of his new opera of *Tom Thumb*, and is surprised that we should have imagined that Bellini could have excelled the march in Part III., which our criticism foolishly asserted to have been borrowed from the *Puritani*. A translator of Terence and Euripides, whose innumerable and extraordinary blunders clearly proved him to be ignorant of the Greek and Latin tongues, writes to inform us that he had no opportunity of correcting the press, otherwise he should certainly have amended all these errors; and when we take no notice of his communication, he writes again, complaining that our original article and our subsequent silence have done him a serious injury; for that, having resigned his situation as teacher of the dead languages in the classical academy of his native city, he cannot now obtain a re-engagement in a similar capacity! Now we need hardly say, that an editor who takes advantage of his position, either by undeserved severity of criticism in the first place, or by the suppression of an author's reply in the second, to gratify any feelings of private pique, envy, revenge, or love of detraction, is most grossly deficient in the very elementary qualifications requisite for his office—to say nothing of the higher obligations of moral and religious duty, from which an editor is not supposed to be exempted, though they do not happen to come under consideration in this place; still—an author is not the best judge of the merits of his own performances; and as long as the reviewer has not misstated facts, made false quotations, imputed false motives, or sinned in any other way against the laws of honourable criticism, the author's best and wisest course, as well as that which is most convenient to the editor and to the public, is to remain silent; certainly he has no claim either upon the editor's time or space.

We have spoken of the petty annoyances, or more serious inconveniences, which sometimes beset an editor on the part

of authors reviewed and of publishers; these belong to what may be called the Foreign Department of his office. There are others which sometimes arise in the *Home* Department also, among his own staff; but these must be dealt gently with, for they are not for profane ears. The editor of a monthly magazine which aims at *instructing* as well as *amusing* has indeed a difficult and a delicate task. On the one hand, he is responsible both to his own conscience and to the public, not only for every article which appears in his pages as a whole, but also for *every part* of every article; for every expression, every single word. On the other hand, he is bound to respect the natural (and very proper) sensitiveness of every contributor for the integrity of his own productions. And it is often no easy matter to strike the balance between the respect due to our contributors and the respect due to ourselves. We need not pursue this subject further; we will only say, that those contributions are doubly and trebly acceptable to the editor which come accompanied by a note such as the following—and let us add that it has been our privilege to receive such from many an accomplished writer, both lay and clerical:—“With this Ms., as with all others I may send, we must have no reserve with each other. *Meum* and *tuum* should not exist between those who only wish to further the same great work. Let us have a ‘community of goods’ in this matter; and let me send you a paper when I can, on the express condition that you shall feel *bound* to suppress or *alter* it *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*”\*

No one but the editor himself can tell how true and how lasting are his obligations to such writers as these. It is seldom that he is allowed time to feel, or that the public will bear with him if he attempts to express all that he happens to feel; and yet he would be ungrateful, if he did not at least thus briefly but emphatically acknowledge the debt of which he is so conscious, and which he is so unable adequately to requite by any pecuniary remuneration.

We pass by all the *minor* troubles of an editor’s life, such as the correcting of proof-sheets, and other similar trifles; for although the cleverness of printers has made this portion of our work less painful than it would have been in former days, yet it *is* a trouble; and no one who has not experienced it for a certain length of time has any idea of the patience, and exactness, and unflagging attention, which it requires. We almost fancy we could graduate at Herculaneum after editing some of our more bulky *Quarterlies* through a year or two; and at the end of our task, we should feel but

\* This is a literal copy of a note we received some months since.

little inclination to hang up the sheets, like those of the Glasgow *Homer*, and offer a reward for every misprint. However, after all, this is but a *minor* trouble; and, indeed, *all* the troubles and inconveniences we have yet enumerated sink into utter insignificance when compared with that which is the crowning trouble of all, the labour and the weariness that are often inflicted upon editors by that extensive and extending class of the human family whose members believe themselves called to the vocation of authors. One day, as we were leaving our house, we were met on the threshold by a short, sharp-featured little man, carrying under his arm what seemed to be a huge folio, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. For a moment, dim visions of unpaid taxes, or poor-rates, or church-rates, floated before the eyes of our imagination: yet there was something about the physiognomy of our guest betokening a certain degree of diffidence and humility not altogether congenial to the face of a tax-gatherer. Moreover, we observed that he was evidently at a loss how to address us; so we took the initiative ourselves, and inquired into the nature of his business. Our question was immediately met by another: "Pray, sir, are you not an editor?" The stern necessity of truth compelled us to answer in the affirmative. "Then, sir, would you be kind enough to look at my little manuscript?" Our spirit sank within us, as we took the measure of the mysterious handkerchief, whose knots were now about to be loosened. We thought to ward off the impending catastrophe by asking the *subject* of this Ms., inwardly resolving that it was a subject which should not be suitable to the pages of the *Rambler*. Our cunning was in vain. "Oh! it was upon a great number of things." As far as we could make out, it must have been upon things in general, and nothing at all in particular. However, it was impossible to plead that things in general were not suited to a magazine like our own; so we had recourse to the only means of escape which seemed open to us; and being already without the house, we fairly ran for it. The man anxiously inquired if we could not recommend him to some other editor who was less occupied than ourselves; but in mercy to our brothers in the profession, we withheld the desired information; thereby doing our best to consign to obscurity some deep philosopher perhaps (who knows?), or some brilliant poet, or some imaginative novelist. What specially amused us in this little adventure, and what has led to our relating it here, was the notion which the good man evidently entertained, that the proper definition of an editor was, a rational animal the subject-matter of whose art or science was *Mss.* in general; and that there was a certain

number of these animals scattered up and down the country, like so many tailors or shoemakers, always on the look-out for work ; the work, namely, of sitting in judgment on unpublished MSS. Speaking from our own experience, we are inclined to think that some such idea as this must prevail far more generally than would at first sight be supposed. In the particular instance just narrated, we suffered no inconvenience from the delusion, beyond that which a well-regulated mind must always feel at the necessity of doing or saying something which would seem to be ungracious. We do not always, however, live outside our houses ; and the Penny-post, and the Parcels Delivery Company, and the several railways that overspread the land, manage to penetrate even to the innermost sanctuary of an editor's study, and often crowd his table with most unwelcome guests. Sometimes these contributions come from unknown hands, without any token whatever of their parentage, like infants to a foundling-hospital ; and after waiting for what we consider a reasonable period of time for some claimant to make his appearance, we burn them (not the infants, but the MSS.). Sometimes they are accompanied by little notes, anonymous or otherwise. Sometimes they have been wholly unprovoked by any thing on our part ; sometimes they are a punishment brought upon us by some ambiguous criticism, or an unfortunate suggestion that has appeared in our own journal ; *e.g.* in noticing the first attempts of some youthful votary of the Muses, instead of saying at once that the verses were rubbish, and ought to have been put behind the fire, we have humbly imitated the critic who, under similar circumstances, expressed an opinion that the poem before him "would be read when Homer and Milton were forgotten, *but not till then* ;" at least, we have imitated this critic in the delicate caution with which he approached the unpleasant portion of his task,—in the silver paper with which he carefully wrapt it round,—but we have failed, we suppose, to imitate him in the truth-telling precision of the concluding words ; we have aimed at being facetious, and have become obscure. Thus, we have said of Mr. Ferdinand Brown, that although his poem is quite beyond our powers of criticism, yet that the author might aspire to the fame of Wordsworth if he had lived amidst lake scenery, and had cultivated his talents under similar advantages and with the like success ; and before many weeks are over, we receive a large packet, with a note, stating that Mr. Ferdinand Brown has taken advantage of his annual vacation from Leadenhall Street to run over to the Swiss Lakes, in consequence of our flattering recommendation ; and now forwards thirteen hun-

dred sonnets in blank verse, composed amidst the tarns and rills of Switzerland, under the glaciers of the snow-clad Alps. We are requested to read them over; and if we think that sonnets would be improved by rhymes, to add them to the ends of the verses. Or, again, we are supposed to take an interest in historical or biographical subjects, because some contributor happens to have said that we do not possess a history of Central Africa, or any intelligible biography of Brian Boromhe; and straightway we receive a ponderous manuscript, containing materials which the collector thinks might be worked up for either subject, and he leaves it to us to advise which of the two we should prefer; that is to say, he wishes to know whether we will publish any thing which he can write upon it. We once heard of a student in Rome who had composed two sonnets in honour of one of his brethren, and then asked an old professor to select one of them for printing. The professor read one, and added quietly, "Print the other." "But you have not read it." "No: but it cannot be worse than the first." An editor is often disposed to answer quite as plainly; but he remembers that he too was once a beginner, and was (or at least might have been) told to bloom in the desert air of his own study until he knew more about the business. He therefore does his best to handle the critic's sceptre with mildness, yet with truth; "neither extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

But here we must cease our dirge over the calamities of an editorial life: only, when you call to mind, gentle reader, all that has been said, and the much more that might have been said,—when you consider the quantity of matter an editor has to bring together from various quarters, and to fit into a Procrustean bed of five, six, or seven sheets, as the case may be, by a given day in every month,—when you remember the contributors, the authors, and the publishers he has to satisfy, and the miscellaneous and changeable public he has to cater for,—perhaps you will be more tolerant of his occasional failures; you will not be surprised that somebody, at least, is not always satisfied with the result; and you will certainly agree with us in thinking, that of the two elementary accomplishments, reading is unquestionably the easier.

SUFFERINGS OF ENGLISH NUNS DURING THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN our last Number we gave an account of the sufferings of some of the French nuns during the Revolution in that country at the close of the last century. To-day we propose to introduce to our readers an English community which was settled in Paris at that time, and, indeed, had been residing there for more than a hundred years; but was then obliged to fly into England, where they still remain.

The community to which we refer was not one of those that was founded on the continent immediately after the dissolution of religious houses in this country at the Reformation, but only a filiation from one of them; and, like many others of its class, it suffered not a little from the action of the penal laws affecting the property of English Catholics. At one time it is recorded in their annals that they were so deeply in debt, even to their ordinary tradesmen, the butcher, baker, and brewer, &c., that these persons refused to give them any more credit, and were, moreover, very importunate for the discharge of the debts already contracted. The poor nuns, in their distress, were driven to part with their very linen; and for this purpose they intrusted a pair of sheets to a woman of their acquaintance, begging her to dispose of them as well as she could. Accordingly she took them to a charitable gentleman, assuring him that they belonged to persons of quality, now reduced to great poverty, and obliged to part with them in order to obtain food. The gentleman professed to purchase them for four *louis-d'or*, but desired the woman to keep the sheets till he should call for them. In fact, however, he had somehow guessed to whom they really belonged, and immediately took measures to inform the archbishop; and obtained permission from him that the necessities of this poor community should be published in all the churches of Paris on the following Sunday. The good nuns, who had been most agreeably surprised by receiving so high a price for their sheets, knew nothing of the charitable exertions which the purchaser was now making in their behalf; so that, though they immediately began to feel the beneficial effects of those exertions, they were altogether ignorant of their cause. The archbishop himself sent them fifty *pistoles*; and the very next day there came considerable charities from all parts of the town. The queen sent a thousand *livres*; and other noble personages smaller sums of money. Even the poorest tradesmen brought of their

goods, as bread, butter, eggs, &c.; the very labourers brought at night the money they had earned in the course of the day, and were extremely concerned if the religious showed any unwillingness to receive it. Amongst the rest, special mention is made of a poor boy who brought one evening the sum of fifteen *sous*, which was all he had earned that day; and when the Mother *Celleraria* offered to refuse it, the boy burst into tears, fearing that it was rejected because of the smallness of the gift, and protesting that indeed he had no more, or he would certainly give it. The relief which they received at this time not only delivered them from the burden of their debts, but even provided them with meal, and other things of the same kind, sufficient to last them the whole year. Moreover, it was the occasion of their receiving for some time regular pensions to a considerable amount from different persons of quality. The queen undertook to pay so much a month for their butcher's bill; another did the same for their account with the brewer; a third gave them all their bread, &c.

However, we must pass over the history of a hundred and thirty years, and come at once to the special subject of these papers,—the sufferings of these nuns during the French Revolution. Their alarms began with the taking of the Bastile on the 14th of July, 1789, and the collecting of violent mobs in the streets, setting fire to various houses, &c. which soon followed. The Mother Prioress was at that time in a most suffering state, and, in fact, very near her end; and the sisters would fain have kept from her knowledge the disturbances that were going on. This, however, was impossible: seven houses were on fire in different parts of the town at the same time; and some of these were within sight of the Infirmary windows, and the smell of the smoke came full into the room. By and by a mob came to the door, and asked for victuals. They were admitted into the parlour, had as much bread and wine as they chose, and retired very quietly; and after this the sisters were not subjected to any actual molestation for some time. Meanwhile, the Mother Prioress was taken to her rest on the 22d of November, 1789; and forty days afterwards, on January 11th, 1790, a successor was duly elected; after which, says the chronicle which we are following, “things became so disturbed as to put an end to all regular observance.” First came the difficulties arising out of the intrusion of the constitutional clergy. The nuns received an order to ring the bells for the installation of the intruded Bishop of Paris, which they refused to obey. Monsieur the Commissaire threatened, but no harm ensued. Then a *procès verbal* was brought, which the Prioress was required to sign, declaring

her acceptance of certain articles in a printed paper. By one of these articles she was to promise to keep the doors of the church shut, and to let no one enter but members of the community; by another, she was to allow no one to say Mass in the church who had not received faculties from the intruded bishop. To the first of these requisitions she promised assent; for many other churches were still open to the people, and indeed the church of the community was, strictly speaking, only a private one; but the second was distinctly refused, the Mother Prioress boldly replying that she neither could, nor would, acknowledge any other bishop than the lawful one, then residing in exile at Chambery. In spite of this refusal, the *commissaire* behaved with great respect, and promised the community his protection. Next came the intruded curate of the parish, *in propriâ personâ*, to ask if they would receive the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament into their church on the Festival of Corpus Christi. They pleaded, in reply, the strict order they had received to keep the doors always closed. But it was not to be expected that this plea should avail them long. So when the curate readily undertook to get the requisite permission for disobeying that order on this special occasion, Mother Prioress was obliged to confess that, although she could offer no resistance to any violence that might be used, yet she never would voluntarily open the doors to any but the lawful pastor of the parish. Hereupon the curate retired, and sent a *commissaire* in his place; but he too received the same answer. He was well content, however, and not a little surprised, to find that he could obtain a promise that the outer walls of the convent should be hung with tapestry and other ornaments, as usual, during the time of the procession, the Prioress considering this to be a matter of mere police arrangement, on which the civil authority had a right to insist. Not long afterwards the convent churches were all re-opened, under the inspection of the civil magistrate only, and the church of this particular convent amongst the rest; and it remained open until the imprisonment of the nuns on the 3d of October, 1793. The concourse of worshippers was immense, being well assured that here at least there was no danger of meeting with a constitutional priest; whereas of the other churches in Paris many had been destroyed, and from others the lawful curates had been deposed.

Of course, all these annoyances and difficulties, arising from the schismatical position of so large a number of the clergy, were as nothing compared with what came afterwards. Nevertheless, they were sufficiently distressing in themselves to a community of religious ladies, who were anxious, on the

one hand, steadfastly to adhere to all the strictest discipline of the Church, and freely to profess their religious faith, on every proper and necessary occasion, yet, on the other hand, were naturally solicitous to avoid all rash or imprudent measures, that might draw down mischief upon themselves, without in any way benefiting the cause of religion.

The first official domiciliary visit to the convent was early in the year 1793. A body of armed men presented themselves at the gate, and demanded to speak with the Superior. The summons was immediately obeyed; and the Mother Prioress inquired into the nature of their business. This they declined to communicate; but the leader of the band, accompanied by two others, desired to be conducted to her apartment. When there, they diligently examined her correspondence. Finding nothing, however, but English letters, and one from a deputy of the National Assembly (for all other French letters had been carefully destroyed), they expressed themselves satisfied, and retired. After this, the nuns were left in peace until Holy Thursday in the same year; when the house was surrounded by 300 soldiers, and most rigidly searched throughout, under the pretext of discovering certain priests and stores of arms that were said to be concealed there. The third visit was made in the night of the 7th of September, or rather at two o'clock in the morning of the 8th. The alarm of the religious, thus violently disturbed from their slumbers, may be easily conceived. They rose and dressed as quickly as they could, the officers being all this time clamorous in their demands for immediate admission. When they had entered, they proceeded to institute a most rigorous search into the contents of every cell in the house, and placed the seal of the nation on all letters and other papers which they could discover. When this had been done, the poor nuns were allowed to go into the choir, excepting the Mother Prioress and another, who remained with the men till five o'clock, when they went away; and, as our chronicle adds, with most touching simplicity, "the community said Matins." The next visit was productive of more serious consequences; it was made in the afternoon of the 3d of October, 1793, and it ended by the officers declaring all the inmates of the house to be under arrest, and leaving a guard upon the premises, to be maintained at the expense of the community. This guard was an old man, and disposed to behave kindly towards them; but it was his duty to see that nothing passed in or out of the convent without his knowledge. At this time also the officers took possession of all the documents, deeds, contracts, registers, &c. belonging to the house, excepting only the

parchments on which the religious vows were written, of which each nun was allowed to retain her own. Moreover, the effects of all Englishmen having been now put under sequestration, no rents were any longer received by the community: and for some time they were reduced to live on charity, and such means as they could obtain by the sale of needlework or any other trifles which they could make; for no assistance was given them by the public committee appointed for this purpose until the day before Christmas.

During the first period of the imprisonment of the nuns in their own house, they were able to continue all their religious exercises as usual; only being interrupted from time to time by the arrival of sundry officers, who came to see how many spare rooms there were, and how many prisoners brought from other places could be accommodated in them. At the same time, however, they assured the nuns that these prisoners should only be ladies of their own country. At length, in one of the first days of November, a very zealous Jacobin presented himself to the nuns, and produced his credentials as their future jailer. This was taken as an intimation that other prisoners might soon be expected; as proved, indeed, to be the case. On the 7th inst. six ladies arrived, accompanied by two maid-servants, who refused to be separated from them; and presently afterwards the house was *filled* with prisoners of all ranks—men, women, and children. Many of these prisoners were persons of the highest condition; their accommodations, however, were necessarily of the meanest kind. The Duchess of Montmorency, for instance, her child and waiting-maid, were all three lodged in a very small garret, which had been used as a sort of closet by the infirmarian, where she kept the earthenware required for the use of the sick. The duchess's maid soon fell ill; and her mistress so assiduously waited upon her, that she too became very ill herself. Her father, the Duke d'Aloine, was a prisoner in the same house, and went upstairs to visit his daughter; but “his grace being extremely large, and the door very narrow, he could not enter the room; which caused,” we are told, “some diversion among the prisoners.”

Many of the noble families that were thus imprisoned gave great edification by their exemplary patience under all their trials; there were others, alas! who showed that their principles were according to the times; and most of these went out of the prison to meet their death in a state of infatuation, not seeking or desiring the aid of any spiritual ministrations whatever. A few made good use of the respite afforded them by their imprisonment; and to these God often vouchsafed,

in a wonderful manner, the opportunity of approaching the Sacrament of Penance. One lady, in particular, who had long neglected her religious duties, and who earnestly solicited the prayers and assistance of the nuns, since there were no means of obtaining a priest, was surprised one day by seeing her uncle, who was a very zealous priest, among her fellow-prisoners: from him she had the happiness of receiving all the spiritual aid he could afford her, before she was led out to execution. Most of the prisoners behaved very respectfully to the religious when they met them any where about the house; and when, after a long and rigorous confinement to their few and small apartments, they were at length persuaded to walk out into the garden, the other prisoners abandoned the particular walk which the nuns selected, and would not disturb them. Still, we need not say that the crowding together of so many世俗 of all classes into a religious house, and the bringing them into such close quarters with the religious themselves, was a source of continual distress and annoyance in a thousand ways. One night a French Benedictine nun, who had been brought there from another house, was dying; and, of course, the good sisters who were waiting upon her immediately began to recite the prayers for the agonising; whereupon one of the prisoners, who heard them, got up and expressed great displeasure at the disturbance, as he called it; and they were obliged to be more cautious for the future. Moreover, many of the gentlemen retained so much of their national *gaieté*, even in their misfortunes, that they were often skipping and dancing about the courts and dormitories, much to the annoyance of the sisters. Again, many of the prisoners had a very great dislike to the religious habit, and joined with the jailer in pressing the nuns to leave it off. The *commissaires*, also, who paid them official visits occasionally, urged the same thing; they acknowledged that they had no orders to oblige them to make the change, but they counselled it as a matter of prudence, saying that they could not answer for the consequences if the mob were to see them in their habits. A number of ladies, both in and out of the convent, provided them with the necessary change of apparel (for the nuns had no money to purchase them for themselves); and on the 29th of December, to the great grief of the community, the change was made.

Already, at the beginning of this month, they had lost their confessor, an old and infirm Benedictine father, against whom the jailer conceived a special aversion, and whom he caused to be removed, therefore, to another place of confinement; and a week earlier still, they had ceased to enjoy the

blessing of hearing Mass. For a short time after the arrival of the prisoners, the community continued their choir-duties as usual; the Blessed Sacrament was still reserved in the tabernacle, and they heard Mass daily.

By and by it was deemed safer not to keep the Blessed Sacrament any longer in the tabernacle, as many horrible profanations had already been committed in other churches: nevertheless they took the precaution of retaining the lamp burning as usual, so that if any change for the better should take place in the state of public affairs, it might be restored without notice. As much of the church plate as could be spared, had, by order of the ecclesiastical superiors, been sold at a very early period of the Revolution; and even when the *commissaires* had taken away the only silver chalice and ciborium that was left, Mass was still said, a chalice and ciborium of pewter-gilt being used. On a later occasion, the *commissaires* carried off the silver monstrance, thurible, and crucifix, and even a little silver reliquary which the Mother Prioress wore about her own person, saying that "the nation had need of all." On the 25th of November, however, a sixth official visit was made to the convent; and this time all the brass, copper, and other metals belonging to the church were seized, and such a work of devastation committed as entirely prevented the saying of Mass for the future. The scene which the church presented on this occasion is described by an eye-witness as most horrible. Dreadful figures, in all kinds of disguises, came rushing in, "one driving the other, and seeming to exult in the work they were sent to do. They ran up and down the church, snatching, tearing down curtains and the shrines of saints, crosses, pictures, &c.; throwing about the holy water; casting things down to the ground, then kicking them up into the air; jumping, racing about, calling on each other's names with loud laughter, &c. Then they collected all together, and carried the things into the vestry at the bottom of the church, and placed the seal of the nation on the door. Next they passed into the other vestry, and there one of these irreligious creatures dressed himself like an abbess, and taking a crosier in his hand, came in mockery into the chapter-room, singing, *Veni, sponsa Christi.*" They also threw open all the large cupboards, in which the vestments and other church ornaments were kept, pulled down the cupboards, and took them into the courtyard to fit up rooms for prisoners, and carried the vestments away. Meanwhile, the utmost which the poor religious could do, was to remove as many of their office-books and other books of devotion as they could lay their hands upon, from the choir to their own private apartments. But not even

these cells were destined to be safe from the inquisitorial search, sometimes of the regular *commissaires*, sometimes of private individuals, whose zeal would not allow them to wait for an official appointment. On one occasion they discovered a few old flowers and other such things belonging to a little chapel of our Lady in the cemetery. The discovery of these religious objects seemed to be considered a great conquest, and they were carried off in triumph as the property of the nation. At another time they obliged the nuns to empty their pockets, turned over their books to see if there were any pictures in them that gave offence, "such as Sacred Hearts, &c.;" in short, the nuns were continually molested by these visitations, and by the most rigorous search which never failed to accompany them.

Meanwhile new encroachments had continually been made upon the portion of the house originally assigned to them, until at length two were obliged to live together in almost every cell; and in the depth of winter the jailer deprived them of every room having a chimney in which they were able to meet together, and it was a fortnight or more before they could get a stove fixed in the only room which was left, large enough for them to take their meals in. They were also reduced to great straits for want of money. The allowance which had at first been made to them, lasted until May 1794; but after that time, although they had been told to ask for more as soon as they wanted it, not a penny could they obtain. They managed to gain something by their work; but provisions of all kinds were both scarce and dear. "We were obliged to keep a Lent," they say, "from the beginning of Septuagesima till some time after Pentecost. About a pound of meat was allowed once in five days to each sick prisoner. One of the nuns who greatly needed it got some two or three times, after which the jailer brought no more, and said there was none to spare. Some of the prisoners, however, were very kind in giving such assistance as they could; those who could get fowls from their tenants, farmers in the country, would often bring us the *remains* of them, which was a great help for the sick." By and by all money belonging to any of the prisoners was taken from them, and thrown into a common fund; from whence a certain fixed sum was given every day to all the prisoners alike, the nuns as well as the rest; and the nuns were even obliged to take their meals at the same table with the others. But this was only about a week or ten days before they were removed to another prison; for by this time, all their effects having been plundered, their keeper was

very anxious that they should be taken elsewhere as soon as possible.

On the 15th of July, 1794, between ten and eleven in the morning, an officer came and announced to them their immediate removal; but without saying whither they were going. He proceeded to institute a most minute search into the contents of every cell, even ripping open pincushions to see that nothing was concealed in them, putting his knife to the bottom of the tea-canister, &c. &c.; and then gave out to each nun what he was pleased to allow them to carry with them, viz. such secular clothing as they happened to have, their Breviaries, and a few other books. Each parcel was made up separately, one for each cell, and then carefully fastened and sent down to the *greffe*, that nothing might be added to it. And this tedious process was continued without intermission all through the night, so that none of the religious could go to bed; and it was not all over until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th. Then every cell was emptied and locked up, so that the religious had no where to put themselves; for by this time the coaches, which had been in waiting all the morning, were gone away, and it was necessary to send for others. Some few of the prisoners took some of them to their own rooms, that they might get a little rest; but the others were obliged to stand together for some hours in the dormitory. Moreover, a difficulty occurred which threatened to bring worse evils in its train than mere delay. In examining one of the trunks of linen in the house, a red nightcap was found, which the father confessor of the convent had long since brought from England, and used to wear when he suffered from rheumatism in the head. The officer, however, chose to look upon it as a sure token of complicity in a plot to bring about a counter-revolution; for it happened that at that time the *bonnet rouge* was a great object of suspicion, and actually forbidden.\* He therefore sent it to the authorities of the section, together with some little pictures of the Sacred Heart, which had been found in another cell. The Mother Prioress, and one or two of the religious, were summoned before the *commissaires* of the section, and a *procès verbal* of the fact was drawn up, which they were made to sign. The magistrates professed to look upon it in a very serious light; and as some of the officers who had been searching the house had repeatedly assured them that in the place whither they were going they would want nothing,—which was supposed to imply that they would be sent to another life,—the poor nuns

\* This officer was himself executed on the fall of Robespierre.

knew not what they might not expect as a consequence of having a red nightcap and a few pictures of the Sacred Heart.

At last they were ordered to come down into the court-yard; and there they were all put into a dark dungeon where there was nothing but a heap of straw, and which had lately been made a place of punishment for any breach of discipline in the prison. From hence they were called forth by name, three at a time; and passing between a number of soldiers, who stood on either side with drawn swords in their hands, they were put into coaches,—three religious and a guard into each coach. It was about eleven o'clock at night when they really left their home; and at one the following morning they were at Vincennes. They had not slept, and scarcely eaten any thing, during the last forty hours; and now they were detained for some time at the prison-gates, the jailer being in bed. Even after their admission, it was necessary for them to remain in the kitchen whilst the guards proceeded to select their apartments; and for refreshment they could get nothing but bread and water; to which, however, they were fortunately able to add a little wine of their own, from what had been given to the Mother Prioress on their departure by one of the prisoners. After having been made to pay for the hire of the carriages which had brought them to Vincennes, and having their pockets searched by the jailer's wife and another woman, they were conducted to their new place of confinement. They ascended a stone spiral staircase of 150 steps, being lighted by men with torches in their hands stationed at various intervals of the ascent, and passing by a number of doors, secured by such locks and bolts as struck terror into the souls of the good nuns, who had never seen such instruments before. At length they paused before a large folding-door provided with the same formidable-looking bolts; and they were ushered into a suite of four apartments, and there left with a candle and several buckets of water, out of which they were mockingly invited to drink. "We were so fatigued that we made no ceremony, but each found herself a mattress and lay down in her clothes to repose; and we were so weary that I believe all slept a little." It was late in the next day before any one came near them; and it was not without difficulty that they succeeded in getting a very small jug of hot water, to make some tea for the invalids. They found they had a fellow-prisoner in their rooms; one who had been tried for her life, but was sentenced only to imprisonment. At first they looked upon her with suspicion, as being probably a spy upon them; and she in her turn had a strong objection to nuns. However, she soon found that their society was a great solace to her in her confinement, and they

learnt no longer to mistrust her. Some time in the course of the day their boxes were brought up to their rooms, by which means they recovered their Breviaries, and were able to say office again, which for two days had been interrupted, and to resume their other duties as far as circumstances permitted. All their money was taken away, and the only meal in the day which was provided for them was dinner. This was served at any time, from one to three o'clock in the afternoon, that happened to suit the jailer's convenience, and seems to have been but a very meagre affair. Nevertheless, they were obliged to put aside, even from this scanty allowance, a little bread and vegetables for supper; and any wine they could spare was exchanged for milk, to mix with their tea in the morning. As to butter, they had none; and after a few days their little stock of sugar was exhausted. Under these privations, it is not to be wondered at that several of the sisters fell sick with agues, &c.; and the Mother Prioress became so alarmingly ill, as to require two of the sisters to be in constant attendance upon her both day and night for a period of five or six weeks. She recovered at last, and they attributed her recovery to the intercession of St. Winifred; for at a time when she seemed to be in a state of insensibility, she asked for a stone from her well which they happened to have amongst them, and desired them to make a novena in honour of the saint, whose litany also they recited daily until she was restored to health. Another of the sisters, who was naturally of a very weak constitution, was so overcome by the bodily hardships and mental anxieties of this imprisonment, that she gradually sank under them, and lost her reason. The good sisters were extremely desirous of still keeping her amongst them; but when the Mother Prioress fell ill, the officers and medical attendants of the house insisted upon her removal to the hospital, where they said she would have the benefit of baths and other remedies, which could not be procured in the prison. This was a most severe trial to the community; it is recorded in their chronicles as "the cruellest stroke they met with;" nor could they ever succeed in learning what had become of their sister until shortly before their own release from Vincennes, when a friend, who had been most indefatigable in making inquiries after her, discovered that she died in the Hôtel Dieu at Paris on the 13th of October, 1794.

It was not long after these religious were removed to Vincennes, that the death of Robespierre produced a considerable amelioration in the condition of most prisoners. Amongst the rest, the woman who had been confined with them was now set at liberty, and returned not long afterwards to pay them a

visit. The Prioress of the Carmelites also came to visit them, and to see an English nun of her community who had been sent to join her fellow-countrywomen in this house when first the Carmelites were dispersed ; and who was now therefore imprisoned with them. The prioress wished to obtain her liberty ; but rather than be obliged to resume life in the world in Paris, she chose to remain in prison at Vincennes.

By and by rumours reached our English nuns that they too were to obtain their liberty, or at least were to be taken back to Paris ; but first they were removed to another part of the castle of Vincennes, in consequence of certain alterations which were going on in the rooms below their own, and which endangered the security of that part of the building. After many expostulations with their jailer, they were removed to safer but far more confined and inconvenient quarters, being a low *entresol*, two garret-shaped rooms with arched ceiling, with a doorway between them, but no door, and such a draught of wind both from the outer door and the windows as entirely neutralised all the heat of the fire. They had reason, however, to congratulate themselves upon the change ; for the very next day the ceiling of the room above their former habitation, in which, by the by, were confined murderers and other criminals of the very worst class—so savage that not even the jailer ever visited them without the companionship of a fierce dog and some armed guards—fell through, and a portion of it was precipitated into the room beneath.

At length, on the 7th of November, 1794, they were told that they must now return to Paris. They had already received intelligence of this from some friends without the prison ; and moreover, that they were to be restored to their old convent. Accordingly, they left Vincennes in very good spirits, riding in a covered waggon which had been provided for them,—all but four, for whom there was no room, and who were therefore obliged to walk with the guards. On the road they learnt to their great disappointment that they were not going to their own house, but to the convent of the English Augustinians at the Fosse St. Victor, where arrived also, a day or two afterwards, the other community of English nuns from the Rue Charenton, Faubourg St. Antoine. Here they fared very well as far as their food was concerned ; for a cook was appointed to provide for them all, and a certain sum was allowed him every day for each person. Each community dined in their own rooms, having fetched their dinner from this common kitchen at their own appointed hour. But they all soon found that, though so well provided with food, it was at the cost of considerable privation as far as their other ne-

cessities were concerned; for they had to procure their own firing, tea and sugar, washing, &c. &c.; and their slender stock of money was soon exhausted. They petitioned, therefore, that the daily allowance might be made them in money instead of in kind; and after some time the petition was granted. Moreover, our poor nuns suffered a great deal from want of proper furniture. The Augustinians had only been able to provide them with two bedsteads, and the beds of all the others were laid upon the cold and damp brick floor. The winter was most unusually severe, so that even the very fire-wood which they got, and for which they had to pay a great price, "was half ice; and though we broke off all the ice we could, instead of burning, the water used to run down from the fire about our room." Meanwhile, their own furniture was all under lock and key and the seal of the nation, in their own convent; and with very great difficulty they succeeded at length in getting permission to send for it. When this arrived, they were able to make themselves much more comfortable; being no longer obliged to sleep upon the damp floor, and having many old broken articles which they could use as fire-wood.

Here then they remained, all the three communities imprisoned together, but without the inconvenience of any secular prisoners, until the 1st of March, 1795, which was also the first Sunday in Lent. On that day the keeper announced to them that they were all at liberty; but since they were in an English convent, they might remain there if they pleased. The keeper himself also remained, but the guards were withdrawn; and all who came to visit either of the three communities were admitted without difficulty. On the other hand, this boon was attended by the very considerable inconvenience of the withdrawal of their daily pension from government, whilst yet they could not succeed in obtaining their own rents. This was the cause of very severe suffering to all the community, and many of the sisters were much reduced in health by it. They could only allow themselves four ounces of bread a day, and other things in proportion; their chief article of food was potatoes, which some lady, who had been a prisoner with them in their convent, procured from the country at a reasonable price. But provisions were so scarce and dear at this time, that the nuns could see from their windows poor people come to the very dunghills in the streets, and greedily eat of the refuse of vegetables that was thrown there; and many even died from want. Under these critical circumstances, the Mother Prioress, after long and anxious thought and much prayer to God, proposed to them

whether they should attempt to get to England. All agreed it would be the best thing, if it could be done; but none could give any idea how it was to be accomplished; nor were they at all aware that any religious community had yet ventured to take a similar step. In an affair of so much importance the votes of the community were taken; and *all but one* were for going to England. They next consulted the Grand Vicar, who was acting in the place of the Archbishop; and he gave his advice briefly, but very decidedly, to the same effect. It now only remained to cast about for the means of really fulfilling the resolution they had come to; and the only means which seemed at all within their reach was the sale of their furniture. They had no money of their own; their numerous petitions for aid to the government had received no answer; they had nothing but their furniture to dispose of; and they were very doubtful whether they would be allowed to dispose of this. However, Mother Prioress ventured to speak on the subject to the keeper, who replied that he was only responsible for the safe custody of the goods of the Augustinian ladies, to whom the house belonged; that he had never received any charge concerning the goods of the communities that had been sent here for confinement, and that he should make no difficulty, therefore, to her selling any thing she pleased. This was a great step gained; and they thought at first of disposing of every thing at once by a public auction. On second thoughts, however, this was abandoned, as manifestly imprudent and likely to attract attention; and they determined to do nothing in the sale till they had secured their passports. This was a work of time, some new insurrection which broke out causing a delay of some weeks. At length the passports were obtained, each nun going before the revolutionary committee of the section, in order that her form, features, &c. might be accurately described on the precious document; three or four, who were too sick to go out, were visited in their own rooms for the same purpose. The passports being now safe, their next step was to secure places in the public conveyances to Calais, of which there were at that time only two in the week, carrying eight passengers. They therefore engaged the whole of the coach for Friday the 19th of June, and for Tuesday the 22d; and during the three weeks' interval that remained before these days would come, they sold all their property in small lots to different people; and managed to get them all out of the house, and safely delivered to their respective purchasers, before the last division of the community left Paris. These sales realised a sum of about 1500 *livres*; and the very day before the last party started on their journey, they received a further sum of

2000 *livres* from the government; the first grant which they had ever obtained in answer to their numerous petitions, and which, by God's good providence, now arrived most opportunely to assist them in their journey.

It is amusing, at this distance of time, and with Bradshaw's "Railway Time-tables" by our side, to look back on the records of a journey from Paris to Calais in 1794. It appears that the detachment of nuns who started on Friday reached Calais on the following Wednesday; and the second detachment were still longer on the road. They left Paris immediately after dinner on Tuesday, and arrived at the hotel in Calais just in time for dinner on the following Monday! In a little village, two leagues on the Paris side of Abbeville, they were obliged to sit all night in the coaches, stationary in the high road, for lack of horses. At Amiens they were obliged to procure farmers' horses, ploughboys leading them just as they would have driven a loaded wagon. At Montreuil they were again detained from the same cause, and again at Boulogne for a day and a night. However, at length the whole community found themselves reassembled in an inn at Calais; but the wind was "so high and contrary" that they could not attempt to sail. And here a little encounter which they had with "the world" in its own proper and ordinary form, is too simply yet graphically narrated in their own words to allow of our shortening it. "We were tormented," they say, "with the solicitation of one captain, and the friends of another (who was absent), to engage to go in their vessel. The friends of the absent one did not fail to use every argument in his favour and to discredit the other, which was very disagreeable. The innkeeper was interested for the absent one; the other came himself, and also got friends to speak for him. Mother Prioress, to be rid of these harassing importunities, was resolved to agree with one; which she did with the one present, for two reasons: first, because he said the least ill of the other, though the parties were both very warm, and it was difficult to decide which was best to choose; 2dly, because he was much recommended to us by two communities who came to see us, one Dominicanesses, the other Benedictines. This man was a Danish captain; and he agreed to take us for 2400 *livres*, which was at the rate of about two guineas a head. The waiter was much displeased at this agreement, and did not cease from endeavouring to ruin the captain. The night before we expected to sail, the vessel lying at anchor and all our luggage on board, the cable which fastened it to land was cut; and when the tide came in, the vessel turned aside, and was almost filled with water. This

was the first news told us in the morning; and that she was totally disabled from sailing, and that our luggage must be put into another vessel. This was the last effort of this battle of envy and jealousy, which appeared to us as horrible as a domiciliary visit; and it is true we never in our lives saw any thing so uncharitable!" An English lady who was of their party, but not a nun, went to the spot to see for herself, and prevented the goods from being removed; and the captain brought a carpenter, who certified that he had visited and repaired the ship, and that she was in a state to sail with safety. They therefore wisely determined to keep to their agreement; and on the evening of Thursday the 2d of July they went on board, "the enemies of the captain" standing by all the while, and charitably "wishing them all at the bottom." There proved to be but poor accommodation in the ship; only beds for five or six; but "the captain made up for it by his great attention and good nature;" and after a tedious sail of twenty hours they were safely landed at Dover, very hungry and weary, and with one French guinea in their pockets, which they exchanged for eighteen shillings. "A very great crowd waited their arrival on shore; many gave them a hearty welcome and congratulation." The officers at the custom-house gave but a slight look into their parcels; and they soon found themselves in an inn, "provided with a good fish-dinner, and such excellent bread, we could hardly believe either our eyes or our taste." The next day they were furnished with three coaches to take them to London, for the sum of 33*l.*; a sum which they were enabled to pay through the kindness of half a dozen friends, who had subscribed together to supply their immediate necessities. They left Dover early on Saturday morning, and travelled all night, in order that they might be able to hear Mass on Sunday, which they had not done since they left Paris. On arriving in London at six o'clock, and "having much to do to get a servant up at the inn," they procured a messenger as soon as they could to go and announce their arrival to a friend, at whose house they presently breakfasted; and after breakfast "we heard Mass, as well as we were able; but, alas! very sleepy prayers." Nevertheless, five days afterwards we find them in a little house in Orchard Street, rising to Matins at their usual hour of four in the morning, keeping choir, and fulfilling all their community duties as though they had never been disturbed. The Right Rev. Dr. Douglas had visited them on the very day after their arrival; had welcomed them with the most fatherly kindness, and given them leave to have Mass in their house, and to reserve the Blessed Sacrament there, provided they could set

apart a room that should be used solely for this purpose. "We made a very neat altar upon a chest of drawers," says the chronicle, of which we must now unwillingly take our leave; "and I cannot express the happiness we all experienced in having again the Blessed Sacrament: a happiness of which we had been deprived from the 24th of November, 1793, till the 9th or 10th of July, 1795."

### Reviews.

#### THE CZAR AND HIS SUBJECTS.

1. *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks.* By Lawrence Oliphant. Blackwood.
2. *The last Days of Alexander and the first Days of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia.* By Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S. Bentley.
3. *Russia and the Russians; comprising an Account of the Czar Nicholas, and the House of Romanoff.* By J. W. Cole, H.P. 21st Fusiliers. Bentley.

NICHOLAS the Czar reigns over a territory comprising one-sixth of the habitable globe. Within the last sixty years Russia has appropriated provinces on the Black Sea alone, as large as all that now remains of European Turkey. With Russia, or rather with the Czar, we are now at war. A portentous fact for the trade-loving, crystal-palace-building, peace-nurtured England of the year 1854. And a fact all the more portentous from the circumstance that it is with the Czar, more than with Russia, that we are at war. That sixth part of the globe which is now armed against us is under the dominion of one man. What would the Russians be without their emperor? An enormous horde; half-civilised or wholly barbarous; speaking different tongues, professing different creeds, inhabiting different climates, without a single bond in common; in fact, a gigantic, scattered, unorganised, and heterogeneous multitude. What were European and Asiatic Russia to boot against compact England and disciplined France? Without its despotic monarch, ruling their pockets, actions, and lives, at his own discretion, the struggle could

not last a year. But with a head, and with such a head, animated by such a policy, worshipped by the millions, though hated by the units of his people, Russia is a foe whose power may well make the most daring pause before they calculate on the chances of one single campaign.

After all, however, despotic monarchs are not omnipotent. There are limits even to the power of a czar over the wills of his subjects. There is a point at which his will *must* yield to theirs. And, far short of that point, there is a period at which their contributions to his treasury must cease, for the simple reason that they have nothing more to supply.

What, then, are the real resources of this most formidable foe? Is he an invincible giant, or a monstrous bugbear? Is his wealth as complete a sham as his "honour?" Has he the raw material in his territory and his people, from which his arbitrary will can create army after army, with clothing, arms, and food, to supply the exigencies of a prolonged struggle against the Western Powers?

The booksellers are quite ready to answer these and all such questions. If we don't know every thing about Nicholas and his means, it is not the fault of authors and publishers. Every body who has stored in his memory or his diary any thing to tell, seems rushing with his ms. to Paternoster Row, New Burlington Street, or Farringdon Street; and we have little doubt that books which in ordinary times would not sell off a small edition of a few hundred copies, are now printed by the thousand, and carried off rapidly by eager purchasers.

The great difficulty is, to know how much of all this information is true; or if it really is true, how far it is, or fairly represents, the whole truth. Unfortunately, few travellers can speak Russ; while there is not a country in the world where travellers are so completely at the mercy of a jealous government, as to what they shall see and what they shall not see. Russia, undeniably, is a horrible country for travelling in. Climate, roads, inns, conveyances, are alike detestable, with few exceptions; and over all and through all reigns a system of police and passport, devised by suspicious despotism and conducted by corrupt officials, which produces an amount of annoyance to strangers comparable only to the sufferings inflicted by the multifarious varieties of vermin which swarm through the length and breadth of that happy land.

Insects and police, indeed, seem nationalised throughout the empire. Who would expect to be bitten to death by mosquitoes *in Siberia?* Yet a certain Polish lady, who was banished to that region of frost, and who lately wrote a book on her return from exile, informs us that at Berezov, the

place of her detention, the brief summer which suddenly shot out from the rigours of a frightful winter, brought myriads of those torturing insects, and drove her almost to distraction. The temperature within a day or two changed from that of the North Pole almost to that of the Equator. What a climate!—under which in summer-time the only way to preserve meat is to dig a few feet down into the earth, in order to arrive at the still-frozen soil, surrounded by which the flesh of animals can alone be saved from rapid destruction! Literally, in a Siberian house, the temperature in the rooms may be at 120° Fahrenheit, and the cellars at *many* degrees below zero.

Of the different publications which the war has called forth, one of the best is undoubtedly Mr. Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*, which we briefly noticed in a recent number. Mr. Oliphant travelled through those interesting regions no later than in the autumn of 1852; and he seems to be an acute, observant, well-informed, and energetic man. The chief drawback in his book is his vehement dislike of Russia, and his prejudice in favour of Mahometanism *in preference to* the Greek religion. Allowing, however, for any warping of his judgment from these causes, his observations and conclusions go strongly to prove that in her present state Russia *could not* hold out long against France and England. The Czar seems to have at his command neither the power of the old barbarian races, nor that of the modern civilised European kingdom. The *whole* system of Russia is artificial. It is not the natural condition of nations in that degree of civilisation to which it has yet attained. And being thus unnatural, its tendency is to decay rather than to vigorous growth; while it possesses neither the lasting resources by which modern warfare is carried on, nor the impetuous enthusiasm, or momentum, by which victorious multitudes in former times have swarmed to conquest.

Russia is ruled by one gigantic and complicated system of despotism, of the most mean and degrading kind; and in this respect presents an entire contrast to the condition of the European and Asiatic hordes who have swept over the earth at different epochs. Despotic as was nominally the government of these various races, it was a despotism based on the free will of an enormous population, upheld by them for their own purposes, and controlled by venerable and venerated traditions. Unity of *idea* has ever been the animating principle of a mighty people, barbarous or cultivated. Wild, involved in incessant quarrels among themselves, incapable of what we call “self-government;” still there has ever been

some species of unanimity, which has roused them to spontaneous exertion and sacrifice, in circumstances which strongly appealed to their passions.

To all this there is no parallel in modern Russia. It is a congeries of subjugated provinces, held in subjection by craft and all the devices of modern bureaucracy. The veneration entertained by a portion of the masses for the sovereign is the result of trick. Neither he, nor his family, nor his aristocracy, have the faintest natural kindred to the governed multitude. The masters are of one kind, and the servants of another. Unity of interest there is not; unity of occupations and ideas there is not; and therefore there can only be unity of action in the way of conquest so long as the millions who supply the soldiery can be forced to give themselves to the slaughter.

As to the money-resources of Russia, they cannot last; because Russia is not a producing country, except so far as compulsory labour can produce. Already its most magnificent provinces, naturally fertile in the highest degree, are not half cultivated; nor can they be cultivated while serfdom destroys every natural energy in the peasantry. In war, moreover, these peasantry, already far too few, are annually diminished to supply the demands of army and navy; while the wealth of the country is taxed beyond its ordinary wont. Every serf turned into a soldier is, therefore, equivalent to precisely *the loss* of so much corn, flax, or wine, that his labour has produced. Trade and manufactures, comparatively speaking, Russia has little: while what she has are, to a considerable extent, paralysed by a war with powers who command the seas. Add to this the peculiar feelings which for generations have been entertained by the Russian nobles to their czars; and we see at once the impossibility of any permanent aggression on the Western Powers. The wealth of the empire is in the hands either of the sovereign or the nobles. What those nobles think of that sovereign may be judged by the history of the lives, or rather deaths, of *all* the male sovereigns of Russia since Peter the Great, with the exception of the late Emperor Alexander. Alexis, the son and heir of Peter, was executed by his father. Peter II., the son of Alexis, was deposed and murdered. Ivan Antonovitch, the next male sovereign, was deposed by his cousin Elizabeth, confined by her in various prisons, and made away with by Catherine II. This same Catherine murdered her husband, Peter III. Her son Paul was murdered by his nobles. Is it possible that such a monarch, such nobles, and such a people, can carry on a war of aggression? A nation of slaves never yet conquered

a powerful enemy by crushing it with overwhelming numbers. Hitherto Russia has conquered none but nations in a state of disorganisation and decay.

If Mr. Oliphant is to be credited, that very section of the Russian population which is viewed with the most alarm is especially disaffected to the dominion of the Czar, and is in itself as little formidable a foe as need be. The Don Cossacks are supposed to be the future Goths, Huns, and Vandals, who are to burn Paris and eat up London. The word "Cossack" itself furnishes one of the most obscure of etymological puzzles. Some say it signifies "an armed man," others "a sabre," others "a goat," others "a rover," others "a promontory," others "a ceat," others "a cassock," others "a district in Circassia." The country in the neighbourhood of the Don, which they inhabit, possesses a superb soil; and Mr. Oliphant thinks the Cossacks, though the bravest of the Russian army, vastly more inclined to agriculture and peaceful enterprise than to bloodshedding and conquest.

Nevertheless, these Cossacks, though one-seventh of their entire numbers are always away from home, employed as targets for Circassian riflemen, or on some similar military *non-producing* business, contrive to cultivate thirty-three per cent more land than the average of the rest of the Russian population.

It appears to us obvious that a nation composed of distinct races, thus subjected to the influence of one uniform system of repression and tyranny, so far from advancing in real power, must infallibly be hastening to disorganisation. A national existence which only endures through the incessant interference of government officials, heartless, needy, and corrupt in all the relations of life, can only tend to the production of one level state of degradation. Russian political economy seems, in fact, founded upon an infatuation perfectly suicidal. Commerce and production are rendered practically impossible to any large extent; and even where they do exist, it is chiefly through the decrees of that same despotism which will scarcely allow a man to eat and breathe as nature would have him. Immense sums are in many cases demanded for permission to trade; the heaviest burdens of this kind being reserved for native Russians. Even the multiplication of labour, that great want of the nation, is practically prohibited in a natural way:

"The thousands half starving in many parts of the country, who are not altogether bound down as serfs to a particular locality, are unable to migrate to this land of plenty, on account of the system which obliges them to invest their all in a passport to bring them

here, and when they have made a little money, to spend their savings in bribes to government officials for more passports to take them back again to their own district, from which they may not be absent above a limited time; while the journey there and back would most probably occupy a considerable period, if it were not altogether impracticable for persons in their condition."

Sometimes, as in the case of the vodka, or corn-brandy, the government monopolises the sale; and, by way of increasing the revenues thereby provided, extends an especial patronage to drunkenness. Mr. Oliphant was informed by a Russian gentleman that the police have strict orders not to take up any person found drunk in the streets. The number of tipsy men whom he saw reeling about the large towns seemed to confirm the accuracy of the statement. At the same time a determined war is waged against tobacco, the very lighting of a cigar insuring a demand for three rubles from the first policeman who can pounce on the unwary smoker. During his voyage down the Volga, Mr. Oliphant encountered a splendid specimen of the wealthy Russian drunkard:

"The consignee of the flock we were then contemplating was said to be the richest merchant on the river—the countless millions of rubles which he was reputed to possess throwing Rothschild far into the shade. We were rather astonished when a heavy-looking man, clad in a shirt and loose drawers, who came reeling on board in a state of extreme intoxication, proved to be the millionaire in question; and it was highly disgusting to find that he, and a friend in no better condition, were to occupy the cabin adjoining ours. Every body paid great deference to this personage,—chiefly, as it appeared, because he was a noble, though of the lowest grade, and could afford to get drunk on English bottled stout at five shillings a bottle. Porter certainly seemed a very odd thing for a man at Saratov to select as a beverage for this purpose; but the secret of the choice was, that it required an expenditure of about two pounds daily to enable him to effect the desired end—a circumstance that raised him immensely in the estimation of his fellows. How the pilots envied him! A few miserable copeks, spent with a similar design, subjected them to the harshest treatment. Not so, however, the more fortunate passengers in the barge. Profiting by the example of the wealthy nobleman, rich with the spoils at Nijni, and responsible to no one, they one and all indulged most copiously; and the scenes of drunkenness and immorality which went on at every station would not bear description; if, indeed, words could convey any adequate notion of them."

The matrimonial arrangements of the captain of the vessel furnished another illustration of popular virtue:

"Whatever may be the morals of the peasantry in remote

districts, those living in the towns and villages on the Volga are more degraded in their habits than any other people amongst whom I have travelled; and they can hardly be said to disregard, since they have never been acquainted with, the ordinary decencies of life. What better result can indeed be expected from a system by which the upper classes are wealthy in proportion to the number of serfs possessed by each proprietor? The rapid increase of the population is no less an object with the private serf-owner, than the extensive consumption of ardent spirits is desired by the government. Thus each vice is privileged with especial patronage. Marriages, in the Russian sense of the term, are consummated at an early age, and are arranged by the steward, without consulting the parties—the lord's approval alone being necessary. The price of a family ranges from 25*l.* to 40*l.* Our captain had taken his wife on a lease of five years, the rent for that term amounting to fifty rubles, with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of it."

In every thing, the one grand object of the Russian government appears to be the keeping the people in subjection. The idea that government, as such, exists for the benefit of the governed, of course never occurs to the brain of a Russian ruler in his wildest dreams. But he is equally ignorant of the less noble, but yet practically useful theory, that a government, for mere selfish considerations, should use its power for the purpose of developing the natural powers of the people it rules. When the old Romans subdued a people, they adopted for themselves whatever they found worth imitation, while they imported into their new acquisitions their own arts and cultivation. The Czar, on the contrary, has no gifts for a conquered province but policemen, passports, taxes, and soldiers. Right across the country of the Don Cossacks is established a long line of posting-houses; but it is all for the furtherance of military despatches. The Black Sea is made to swarm with war-steamers instead of merchant-vessels. A railway runs from north to south; but its chief object is the conveyance of troops. We take it, however, that there is no more pregnant proof of the inherent rottenness of Russia as a nation than the corruption of the official *employés* of every grade. The worst jobbing in our own country is immaculate virtue in contrast with the systematic rascality of the servants of Nicholas. If you want to start in a steam-navigation company's boat on the Volga, you may have to wait a week beyond the appointed day, until the clerks of the police consider themselves sufficiently bribed to fill up the necessary papers. The history of this same steam-company supplied a pretty sample of the national honour.

"Perhaps the most serious impediment to the successful pro-

secution of commercial enterprise in Russia, is the impossibility of finding *employés* upon whose honesty any reliance can be placed. All Russians are so much in the habit of cheating their government, that they are unable to divest themselves of this propensity where the pockets of private individuals are concerned. Nor do rank or station offer any guarantee, since greater responsibilities only afford greater facilities for successful peculation. The experiences of the Volga Steam Company amusingly illustrate the truth of this. It was found that while the affairs of the company were managed by some Russian gentlemen resident at Nijni, there was a heavy annual loss; and, notwithstanding the certain prospect of remuneration which the speculation had originally held out, it became apparent that, unless an entire change took place in the circumstances of the Volga Steam Company, that respectable association would soon be inevitably bankrupt. Some Englishmen were consequently deputed to inquire into a state of matters so extremely unsatisfactory. They at once discovered that a system of wholesale robbery had been practised by the agents, to such an extent, that the deficiencies were easily accounted for. Among other ingenious contrivances resorted to for appropriating the company's funds, the most highly approved was that of sharing the demurrage obtained by the owners of cargo upon those barges which were detained beyond a certain time upon their voyage. It was easily arranged between the merchants, the captains of the steam-tugs, and the managers at Nijni, that these delays should frequently occur; and as the amount of demurrage was regulated by the length of their duration, the company was mulcted of large sums, and these worthy associates divided the spoil. Since then the affairs of the company are managed by Englishmen, who are rapidly making up the losses sustained under the Russian administration."

At Odessa, really one of the most important towns in the empire, our traveller came in for an illustration of political wisdom which, we think, must be unique. Odessa, of course, *must* have its theatricals. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, says the Czar, in amusements, as in commerce and religion. But management is a worse speculation at Odessa than even in London. Muscovite wisdom, therefore, has decreed that the theatre shall always be rented by the individual who has the contract for supplying the quarantine establishment with provisions, which contract is a very lucrative affair. From this ingenious union of plays and pestilence, it results that the manager-contractor strains every nerve to prove that every ship-load of passengers that comes to Odessa is infected with some contagious disease, which will enable him to fill his pit, boxes, and gallery with the unfortunate persons condemned to an enforced residence in the town. Mr. Oliphant barely escaped being thus victimised.

Every where the story of official swindling was the same. At Taganrog, the port at the mouth of the Don, and a place of great importance, the harbour has a natural tendency to become shallow by the deposit of soil. Accordingly, government levies a heavy penalty on all ships that throw their ballast overboard, instead of landing it on the shore. But what of that? What do the officials of the custom-house care for the harbour in comparison with their own pockets? A captain has only to bribe in proportion to his ballast, and he may shoot as many hundred tons of stones into the sea as he pleases. The consequence, as our author remarks, is, that in exact proportion with the increase of the trade of the town, will be the rapidity with which it is made utterly unapproachable by sea; the approach by sea being that which alone gives the place any importance at all.

But all this is little to the doings in the great Russian arsenal, Sebastopol itself. Foreigners are rarely permitted to enter that town of fortifications, harbours, and magazines. Even this permission can be granted by the governor alone, and has to be renewed daily during the stranger's visit. Mr. Oliphant and his friend *therefore* resolved to try to see the place without any permission at all. They hired a peasant's cart, and actually jogged into the naval *sanctum* undetected by the eyes of a whole regiment of soldiers.

If one half of what Mr. Oliphant tells us of Sebastopol is true, Russia has no stamina, and is a bugbear. His account is so important that we give it nearly at length:

"As I stood upon the handsome stairs that lead down to the water's edge, I counted thirteen sail of the line anchored in the principal harbour. The newest of these, a noble three-decker, was lying within pistol-shot of the quay. The average breadth of this inlet is one thousand yards; two creeks branch off from it, intersecting the town in a southerly direction, and containing steamers and smaller craft, besides a long row of hulks which have been converted into magazines or prison-ships.

"The hard service which has reduced so many of the handsomest ships of the Russian navy to this condition, consists in lying for eight or ten years upon the sleeping bosom of the harbour. After the expiration of that period, their timbers, composed of fir or pine-wood never properly seasoned, become perfectly rotten. This result is chiefly owing to inherent decay, and in some degree to the ravages of a worm that abounds in the muddy waters of the Tchernoi Retcka, a stream which, traversing the valley of Inkerman, falls into the upper part of the main harbour. It is said that this pernicious insect—which is equally destructive in salt water as in fresh—costs the Russian government many thousands, and is one

of the most serious obstacles to the formation of an efficient navy on the Black Sea.

“ It is difficult to see, however, why this should be the case, if the ships are copper-bottomed; and a more intimate acquaintance with the real state of matters would lead one to suspect that the attacks of the naval *employés* are more formidable to the coffers of the government than the attacks of this worm, which is used as a convenient scape-goat, when the present rotten state of the Black Sea fleet cannot otherwise be accounted for. In contradiction to this, we may be referred to the infinitely more efficient condition of the Baltic fleet; but that may arise rather from their proximity to head-quarters than from the absence of the worm in the northern seas.

“ The wages of the seaman are so low—about sixteen rubles a year—that it is not unnatural they should desire to increase so miserable a pittance by any means in their power. The consequence is, that from the members of the naval board to the boys that blow the smiths’ bellows in the dockyard, every body shares the spoils obtained by an elaborately devised system of plunder carried on somewhat in this way:—A certain quantity of well-seasoned oak being required, government issues tenders for the supply of the requisite amount. A number of contractors submit their tenders to a board appointed for the purpose of receiving them, who are regulated in their choice of a contractor, not by the amount of his tender, but of his bribe. The fortunate individual selected immediately sub-contracts upon a somewhat similar principle. Arranging to be supplied with the timber for half the amount of his tender, the sub-contractor carries on the game, and perhaps the eighth link in this contracting chain is the man who, for an absurdly low figure, undertakes to produce the seasoned wood.

“ His agents in the central provinces, accordingly, float a quantity of green pines and firs down the Dnieper and Bog to Nicholaeff, which are duly handed up to the head contractor, each man pocketing the difference between his contract and that of his neighbour. When the wood is produced before the board appointed to inspect it, another bribe seasons it; and the government, after paying the price of well-seasoned oak, is surprised that the 120 gun-ship, of which it has been built, is unfit for service in five years.

“ The rich harvest that is reaped by those employed in building and fitting her up is as easily obtained; and to such an extent did the dockyard workmen trade in government stores, &c., that merchant vessels were for a long time prohibited from entering the harbour. I was not surprised, after obtaining this interesting description of Russian ingenuity, to learn that, out of the imposing array before us, there were only two ships in a condition to undertake the voyage round the Cape.

“ Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sevastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet,

we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were, of course, unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty; but of one fact there was no doubt, that however well fortified may be the approaches to Sevastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Kherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet.

“ Notwithstanding the large numerical force which occupies the south of Russia, the greatest difficulty must attend the concentration of the army upon any one point, until railroads intersect the empire, and its water-communication is improved. At present, except during four months in the year, the climate alone offers obstacles almost insurmountable to the movements of large bodies of men; the roads are impassable for pedestrians in spring and autumn, and in winter the severity of the weather precludes the possibility of troops crossing the dreary steppes. But in addition to the natural impediments presented by the configuration of the country, the absence of roads, and the rigour of the climate, all military operations are crippled by that same system of wholesale corruption so successfully carried on in the naval department.

“ Indeed, it would be most unfair if one service monopolised all the profits arising from this source. The accounts I received of the war in the Caucasus, from those who had been present, exceeded any thing of the sort I could have conceived possible. The frightful mortality among the troops employed there amounts to nearly twenty thousand annually. Of these, far the greater part fall victims to disease and starvation, attributable to the rapacity of their commanding officers, who trade in the commissariat so extensively that they speedily acquire large fortunes. As they are subject to no control in their dealings with contractors for supplying their requirements, there is nothing to check the ardour of speculation; and the profits enjoyed by the colonel of a regiment are calculated at 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a-year, besides his pay. It is scarcely possible to apprehend at a glance the full effect of a process so paralysing to the thews and sinews of war; or at once to realise the fact, that the Russian army, numerically so far superior to that of any European power, and supplied from sources which appear inexhaustible, is really in a most inefficient condition, and scarcely worthy of that exaggerated estimate which the British public seem to have formed of its capa-

bilities. It is not upon the plains of Krasna Selo or Vosnesensck, amid the dazzling glitter of a grand field-day in the Emperor's presence, that any correct notion can be formed of the Russian army. The imperial plaything assumes a very different appearance in the remote Cossack guard-house, where I have scarcely been able to recognise the soldier in the tattered and miserably-equipped being before me, or on a harassing march, or in the presence of an indomitable enemy.

" We have only to remember that the present position of Russia in the Caucasus has remained unaltered for the last twenty-two years, notwithstanding the vast resources which have been brought to bear upon this interminable war, to perceive that the brilliant appearance of the Russian soldier on parade affords no criterion of his efficiency in the field of battle ; while no more convincing proof could be desired of the gross corruption and mismanagement which characterises the proceedings of this campaign, than the fact of an overwhelming force of two hundred thousand men being held in check for so long a period by the small but gallant band who are fighting for their snow-clad mountains and their liberty.

" When we returned to Sevastopol not long afterwards, we heard that the Emperor had left the military portion of the community a reminiscence that was calculated to produce a deep impression. He had scarcely terminated his flying visit, and the smoke of the steamer by which he returned to Odessa still hung upon the horizon, when, in a smothered whisper, one soldier confided to another that their ranks had received an addition ; and when we returned to Sevastopol, it was said that the late governor, in a significant white costume, was employed with the rest of the gang upon the streets he had a fortnight before rolled proudly through with all the pomp and circumstance befitting his high position. No dilatory trial had reduced him to the condition in which he now appeared before the inhabitants of his late government. The fiat had gone forth, and the general commanding became the convict sweeping. I was very anxious to discover what crime had been deemed worthy of so severe a punishment, but upon no two occasions was the same reason assigned, so it was very clear that nobody knew ; and probably no one found it more difficult than the sufferer himself to single out the particular misdemeanour for which he was disgraced. The general opinion seemed to be, that the unfortunate man had been lulled into security in his remote province, and, fancying himself unnoticed in this distant corner of the empire, had neglected to practise that customary caution, in the appropriation of his bribes and other perquisites, which is the first qualification of a man in an elevated position in Russia, and without which he can never look for promotion in the army, or make a successful governor. At the same time, the expenses attendant upon this latter position are generally so very heavy, that it does not answer to be too timid or fastidious.

" I think it is De Custine who says that no half-measures in

plundering will do here. If a man has not, during the time of his holding an appointment, sufficiently enriched himself to be able to bribe the judges who try him for his dishonest practices, he will certainly end his days in Siberia; so that, if the fraud has not been extensive, the margin left will barely remunerate him for his trouble and anxiety. The probability is, that General — had calculated upon the usual court of inquiry, and was consequently quite unprepared for the decided measures of his imperial master."

Mr. Oliphant's ideas as to the condition of the empire are entirely confirmed by Dr. Lee, whose book is the more trustworthy from the fact that it has not been got up to meet the present demand for anti-Russian declamation. In substance, it consists of the doctor's journal, kept by him in the years 1825 and 1826, memorable in Russia for the death of Alexander and the accession of Nicholas. His circumstances, also, were favourable for observation of the brighter side of things, rather than the blacker. He was attached to the family of Count Woronzow, one of the very first and most enlightened of Russian nobility, in the capacity of household physician. He came personally into contact with the Emperor Alexander, and, like most people, was favourably impressed with his personal character and natural amiableness of disposition. In fact, in company with a small party, he dined with Alexander at Aloupka only a few days before his death. They talked about venomous reptiles, homœopathy, and a scheme which the emperor professed of giving up the throne, and settling as a private gentleman in the Crimea. He even decided where he meant to live, and announced that he should wear the costume of the people. The next day Alexander left for Taganrog. There he was suddenly taken ill, and in two or three days was dead. He had caught the common fever of the country, and refused to take any medicine until he was persuaded to submit by the priest who confessed him. He was attended to the last by his British physician, Sir James Wylie. On Sir James's report, Dr. Lee expresses his utter disbelief in the story that Alexander was poisoned.

Dr. Lee's impressions of the whole Russian people were, as we have said, of the worst description. The whole energies of the government are given to one thing — the army and navy, especially the former. For this the country is literally ruined. A man is regarded in one of two aspects; either as an animated spade for digging the ground, or as a combination of bones and muscles for undergoing drill and carrying a musket. St. Petersburg, with the magnificence of whose public buildings he was greatly struck, Dr. Lee conceived to be the gulf in which the wealth of the empire was sunk.

With all the splendour of its government edifices, and of the houses of its great nobles, the city, as a whole, is a glaring combination of magnificence and meanness; a compound of Russian filth and degradation, with English, French, and Italian luxuries.

"It is the masquerade part only which is clean ; the courts and lanes of the city are more filthy than it is possible for an Englishman to conceive. There is not a tolerable hotel in St. Petersburg : they are dirty, poor, beggarly, and excessively expensive. The only possible means of living is to get into furnished lodgings. I inquired why there were not hotels kept by Germans and French. His reply was : the Russians are so dirty, that if good furniture were placed in the apartments it would soon be completely ruined by them, so degraded are their habits."

The morals of St. Petersburg Dr. Lee indicates by his observation of the mode of keeping Easter :

"To-night is a great ceremony in the Russian Church, the Resurrection of our Saviour. *Numbers of people dead-drunk in the streets.*"

Of the Russian nobility (with few exceptions) Dr. Lee formed a low opinion. A Scotch physician, a professor at Moscow, gave him the following as the result of his own experience of them :

"Though in excellent practice, and physician to this hospital, he told me that, were he able, he would not remain twelve hours in Russia. To an Englishman, he said, the practice in this country is the most disagreeable thing possible. In the nobility, you have generally to deal with mere spoiled children ; persons full of absurd prejudices, and very destitute of information. Of the lower classes, he said, the physician should constantly be accompanied with the knout, otherwise his orders will receive no attention. They have no education, they have no good example shown them by their parents or by any other ; and, in consequence, almost all, without exception, are barbarous in their manners, and only to be commanded by the knout."

Professional occupations and tastes made Dr. Lee acquainted with certain matters which ordinary travellers would overlook. In Moscow he was puzzled to account for the absolute blackness of the middle-class women's teeth. These women paint their faces excessively, and the discolouration of their teeth is said to be the result. From the remarks Dr. Lee makes on the prevalent characters of diseases among the Russian poor, especially in the hospitals, it is clear that their physical wretchedness must be extreme. They have neither the complaints of the English labouring classes, nor of wild

hordes of vigorous barbarians; but those of a starved, frozen, feeble, and constitutionally diseased race.

All that Dr. Lee heard of the unparalleled corruption of Russian officials is in accordance with the prevailing opinion. Nicholas once organised a secret police for the detection of official peculation and the like: what it has effected we know not; but we should be greatly astonished if such a remedy had not aggravated the disease.

Altogether, Dr. Lee's book is both amusing and informing. He winds it up with the following estimate of the deeds of the present Czar:

"The consumption of human life during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been enormous. He has carried on war with the Circassians uninterruptedly for twenty-eight years, at an annual cost of 20,000 lives on the Russian side alone, making a grand total of nearly 600,000 Russians who have perished in attempting to subdue the independence of Circassia.

"In the two campaigns against Persia, as in the Hungarian campaign and the two Polish campaigns of 1831-32, there are not sufficient data to enable me to form a correct estimate of the Russian loss, which was, however, in the Persian and Polish wars, enormous.

"In the two campaigns against Turkey of 1828-29, 300,000 fell; of whom, however, 50,000 perished by the plague.

"The loss of the Russians, in various ways, since the entry of the Danubian Principalities, is understated at 30,000.

"In these calculations it should be borne in mind that no estimate is attempted to be made of the sacrifice of human life on the side of those who fought for their liberties against the aggressions of Russia. If this calculation were attempted, it is probable that the result would prove that neither Julius Cæsar, nor Alexander, nor even Tamerlane, has been a greater scourge to the human race than the present Emperor Nicholas."

Mr. Cole's *Russia and the Russians* is a made-up, but fluently written and readable sketch. It contains nothing new; but as a hand-book for persons who have not much previous knowledge of Russian politics and proceedings, it will be found useful and entertaining; though its author, we take it, is by no means a particularly wise individual himself. One of the most curious parts of his compilation is his account of the eccentricities of the savage madman Paul, the father of Nicholas. Not long before his death, Paul was possessed with a violent dread of every thing English:

"His mind seemed for the moment to be concentrated on devising petty schemes of annoyance against the English residents at the capital. From these, even the ambassador, Sir Charles

(afterwards Lord) Whitworth, was not exempt. The sledge of Count Razumousky, who had offended him, was, by the Emperor's order, broken into small pieces, while he stood by and directed the work. It happened to be of a blue colour, and the Count's servants wore red liveries. Upon which an ukase was immediately published, prohibiting throughout the empire of all the Russias, the use of blue in ornamenting sledges, and of red liveries. In consequence of this sage decree, the British ambassador and many others were compelled to change their equipages. One evening, at his theatre in the palace of the Hermitage, a French piece was performed, in which the story of the English gunpowder plot was introduced. The Emperor was observed to listen to it with earnest attention, and as soon as it was over he ordered all the vaults beneath the palace to be searched.

“ His wild eccentricities would have been sometimes amusing, but that they were never divested of cruelty or mischief. Coming down the street called the Perspective, he perceived a nobleman who was taking his walk, and had stopped to look at some workmen who were planting trees by the monarch's order. ‘ What are you doing ? ’ said the Emperor. ‘ Merely seeing the men work,’ replied the nobleman. ‘ Oh, is that your employment ? Take off his pelisse, and give him a spade ! There, now work yourself ! ’

“ If any family received visitors of an evening ; if four people were seen walking together ; if any one spoke too loud, or whistled, or sang, or looked inquisitive, or examined any public building with attention, or appeared thoughtful, or stopped to gaze round him, or stood still in the streets, or walked too fast or too slow, he was liable to be cross-questioned as to his motives, to be reprimanded and insulted by the authorities. The dress of Englishmen, in particular, was regulated by the police. They were ordered to wear a three-cornered hat, or, as a substitute, a round hat pinned up with three corners ; a long queue measured to the eighth of an inch, with a curl at the end ; a single-breasted coat and waist-coat ; buckles at the knees and in the shoes instead of strings. Orders were given to arrest any person who should be found wearing pantaloons. An English servant was dragged from behind a sledge and caned in the streets for having too thick a neckcloth ; and if it had been too thin, that pretext would have been used for a similar punishment. After every precaution, the dress when put on never satisfied the police or the Emperor—either the hat was not put on straight, or the hair was too short, or the coat was not cut square enough. A lady at court wore her hair rather lower on the neck than was consistent with the ukase, whereupon she was ordered into close confinement to be fed on bread and water. A gentleman's hair fell a little over his forehead while dancing at a ball, upon which a policeman with loud abuse told him, that if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier who should shave his head.

“ When the ukase first appeared concerning the form of the hat,

the son of an English merchant, with a view to baffle the police, appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg having on his head an English hunting-cap, at sight of which the authorities were puzzled. What could this mysterious integument be? 'It was not a cocked hat,' they said, 'neither was it a round hat.' In their embarrassment they reported the affair to the Emperor, who was as much confounded as his officials. A new ukase became indispensable. Accordingly a fresh ordinance was promulgated and levelled at the hunting-cap; but not knowing how to describe the anomaly, the decree announced that no person, on pain of death, should appear in public with *the thing on his head* worn by the merchant's son. An order against wearing boots with coloured tops was most rigorously enforced. The police-officers stopped a foreigner driving through the streets in a pair of English top-boots. This gentleman expostulated with them, saying that he had no others, and certainly would not cut off the tops of his boots. Upon which the officers, each seizing a leg as he sat in his droshky, fell to work and drew off his boots, leaving him to go barefooted home."

If the next story is true, the son can play the tyrant-fool with success almost equal to that which distinguished the efforts of the father:

"The present Emperor Nicholas, some time since, driving along in his droshky, observed an English gentleman move down another street, apparently, as he thought, to avoid him. He sent an officer to ask why he had done so, when the Emperor was coming. The answer was, 'that he did not see his Imperial Majesty.' 'Then desire him to wear spectacles in future,' was the immediate command, with which the delinquent was forced to comply during the remainder of his residence at St. Petersburg, much to his own annoyance and the amusement of his friends; for he was a remarkably well-looking man, and piqued himself on his clear sight."

#### CHINESE CIVILISATION AND CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

*Annals of the Holy Childhood.* Translated from the French.  
To be continued monthly. Richardson and Son.

WE rejoice to see that a translation of the *Annals of the Holy Childhood* has been undertaken, and that it is to be published in monthly numbers. Of all the institutions with which the Church has been enriched in late years, especially through the sleepless zeal and charity of the French Church, few are more interesting than that which devotes itself to the preservation, or, when that is impossible, to the baptism, of the outcast Chinese children. China is, in many respects, a highly

civilised country. Many of our boasted inventions, chain-bridges, for instance, and, we believe, the art of engraving, China possessed long before we did. Education has long since been carried out there in a manner more universal than in any western country, and has long since been the necessary condition of all social and political advancement. Peasants leave cards on each other, and social conventions are carried to an unrivalled extent. Yet in the midst of all this mechanical civilisation, there remains a barbarism with respect to all things imaginative, moral, or spiritual, the more hideous for the varnished exterior. Those who carve in ivory with a minute skill unknown among us, and who copy pictures with such perfection that every crack in the varnish finds its exact counterpart in the imitation, have never been able, in their original compositions, to understand and practise the simplest rules of perspective. Those who would look with horror on a man who could not read, and with little respect on a man who could not write verses, see no harm in exposing their children, or in selling them. This extreme of heartlessness is no security against the wildest freaks of superstition. In the second number of the *Annals* we find the following statement :

“ In some countries cruelty, united with superstition, has arrived at such a pitch, that parents think it very lucky if their children, when exposed, be devoured by dogs, ravens, or unclean animals ; but it is unlucky should they refuse to eat them. Hence they also refuse, for another reason, as impious as superstitious, to bury the child when not devoured, and leave it to be trod under foot by mules, donkeys, oxen, &c. ; yet I remember that in many towns in the province of Xen-Si, in which I have laboured for many years, these people permit Christians to bury their children, provided they have been first baptised ; because (say they) they become by baptism the children of Christians.”

The following passage is a significant indication of the degree in which the heart may become hardened and the moral sense blunted, where, notwithstanding, the schoolmaster is abroad :

“ As for the mothers, the majority expose their children with little or no feeling : some there are, however, who regret it deeply. Two years since I was in the Christian district of Pe-kien. The Pagans, who seem to compose one-half of the inhabitants, appeared to me to be very favourably disposed towards Christianity, and several among them were deeply affected by my instruction. I even had the consolation to administer holy Baptism to some twenty of them. One day a family, urged by curiosity, came to see me from the neighbouring locality ; they were husband, wife, and son.

I endeavoured to convince them of the truths of our holy religion, and exhorted them to embrace it; but it was useless. They were afraid of being denounced to the mandarin, deprived of their fortune, and rotting in prison, or a perpetual exile in Tartary. I observed that the woman listened very attentively, and I did not fail to point out to her the danger of dying in idolatry. Agitated by remorse of conscience, she said to me: 'Father, if I cannot now become a Christian, I promise at least, in the presence of your God, that from henceforth I shall not destroy my children: it is a wicked custom, and one that I ever detested.' This woman imagined that she had said a great deal, and had taken a step towards her conversion."

The above statement is worthy the consideration of statesman and philosopher alike, among ourselves. The clearest evidence has proved that in England infanticide has increased to such an extent that the mortality among children in those towns which boast burial-clubs, in some enormous proportion exceeds that in towns in which "civilisation" has not yet been carried so far. The disparity exhibited by such statistical returns can be no question of dozens or scores, but of hundreds and thousands. It has been proposed to cure the evil by legislating against burial-clubs! We trust that we are saying nothing invidious in suggesting that the evil must have a deeper root than to allow of being thus extirpated. We have to substitute a Christian for a Chinese civilisation in those towns.

There may perhaps be some disposed to ask, "With such an amount of misery and ignorance at our door, and as their consequence, such a destruction of souls, are we called upon to extend our interest to sufferers in Pagan lands, and in remote regions of the globe?" Such questions, however, proceed neither from a deep, nor from a Catholic philosophy. The Chinese are as much children of God, and creatures to redeem whom our Lord became incarnate and died, as the English are; and they are in still greater need of help. The Church has sympathies that diffuse themselves necessarily over the whole world, and embrace the human race, if awakened at all. Those sympathies, like all others, require exercise for their health. This planet is their place of exercise, not any "sea-girt isle." Limited to a narrow walk, they must droop and languish. Strengthened by an ample career, they will then only apply themselves in their full vigour to the tasks that lie close at hand. In few modes can we contribute more to the conversion of this country to the faith than by procuring for it and for ourselves innumerable intercessors in the heavenly places; and such are those outcasts whom we

baptise previous to their death, if we cannot train them up to be missionaries in their native land. It is computed that about three millions of children are annually exposed in the East. The funds sent over by means of the child's contribution connected with the present institute (6d. per annum) are so laid out that for every 40*l.* a thousand children receive baptism. Calculations of this sort will doubtless appear of a very material and mechanical order to many persons attached to fine phrases in religion. The subscription may perhaps be jeered at as a "salvation fund." Well! it only comes to this. We believe in baptism, and also believe that God works by human means. It is no wonder therefore that this association, the noble sister of that for the "Propagation of the Faith," should have met with the approbation and cordial patronage of all the prelates of France, as well as of those in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The Pope has also enriched it with many indulgences. To buy children at 1*s.* 8*d.* per head, and baptise them;—it certainly does seem a prosaic, business-like way of going to work! The fact is, that the bishops of the Establishment are men of genius, while the Shepherd of the Alban Hill is a man of business. We recommend this consideration to our Protestant friends as likely to throw a light upon many things that perplex them. "Why not, if only out of regard to good taste, or the feelings of travellers, remove the 'tinsel and muslin' Madonnas from churches, and substitute good works of art?" Simply because the existing images excite devotion; and images are only allowed in churches at all to help on the business of saving souls. "If a hierarchy be necessary, why not wait till the nation has got used to the idea before establishing it?" Because the increased number of Catholics in England has rendered it unbusiness-like, and therefore prejudicial to salvation, to carry on ecclesiastical affairs with any other than the normal organisation of the Church. "Casuistry! how full it seems of littlenesses!" But it would be unbusiness-like to neglect it in its proper place, since those who despise little things perish by little and little. The same principle extends to a crowd of matters, from the minutest ceremony insisted on, to the largest political concession of inalienable rights rendered necessary by the exigencies of the time. In short, the Church, which is the most poetic, is also the most prosaic of all things; for which reason she has no more scruple as to buying up outcast Pagan children, than as to any other mode of saving them.

The first No. of the *Annals* contains a most interesting life of Mgr. de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy and Tours, and Primate of Lorraine, by whom the Institute was founded. He

was a man of noble race, as well as of a noble heart ; but the chivalry that most attracted him was that of the Cross. The following passage describes the origin of his great enterprise :

“ Far beyond the mountains and rivers, almost at the extremity of the known world, there stretches forth an immense and formidable empire, the greatest in the world, which in its pride styles itself ‘ Celestial’—called by us China. Sheltered from the cannon and the world behind walls of the most massive structure, resisting the advances of the mind with the rack and the torture, it seems capable of contemning and setting at defiance all the nations of the earth. But what impediments can mountains and walls throw in the way of the true soldiers of Jesus Christ ? What terrors have the rack and the gibbet for the heirs and descendants of the martyrs ? Walls are levelled before the faith of Christ ; the Divine Word penetrates through or passes over their summit. No one felt the truth of this more than Mgr. de Janson. He traces in his mind the plan of a prodigious conquest ; and no sooner planned than it is succeeded by the firm resolution of its achievement. He has learned that, in those countries where moral degradation is the companion of idolatry, barbarous parents, deaf to the voice of nature, immolate their children, offer them as food to the vilest of animals, expose them in the public streets, or throw them into the rivers. His charitable heart is sensibly touched by the fate of these innocent creatures—he resolves to save their earthly life, to prepare them for a heavenly one, and to raise them to the high mission of becoming the saviours, the bearers of the good tidings of redemption, to their own country. The grace of God imbued him with this noble idea, and he resolves to consecrate to its execution a part of his fortune and the remainder of his days. The children he is about to snatch from the jaws of death are destined to become the apostles of their country, and to re-enter it as catechists or martyrs ; and (sublime thought ! worthy the heart of a saint) in order that innocence might be redeemed and saved by innocence, he calls on all the children of Christendom to form a vast association, to give their alms monthly and their prayers daily for the promotion of the object—being thus initiated from the cradle in the noblest deeds of charity and love. It is not a formidable army going forth to overthrow this idolatrous power—to achieve the mighty conquest of this new world ;—it is an army of little ones, who, ere they have quitted their mothers’ knees, with no other weapon than their little innocent hands uplifted to heaven—their simplicity and purity—giving but their alms and their prayers—are going to achieve more glorious victories than those of the most illustrious conquerors ; and to crown this work of innocence and love, he places it under the auspices and protection of the Infant Jesus. His thoughts and intentions soon transform themselves into action ; every thing is organised with astonishing rapidity ; fatigue is totally disregarded by the worthy prelate.”

The second number of the *Annals* includes, with many

interesting pastoral letters from the French Bishops on the subject of the Institute, much correspondence from China of a deep importance; in particular, an account of one of the most recent eastern martyrs, which cannot be read without emotion, except by those who will deny that there is a word of truth in it. The blood of Peter, and Linus, and Cletus, continues still to flow on barbarous shores. The prosaic and business-like Church we have been describing has a terrible earnestness about it. In its "aggressions" it deems it a duty, in the words of a Cardinal's oath, to witness for the one Faith, "usque ad sanguinem, inclusivè."

We heartily recommend these *Annals*, and the charitable work of which they are the record, to all our readers.

---

#### THE MODERN PROTESTANT HYPOTHESIS RELATIVE TO THE GRADUAL ABSORPTION OF EARLY ANGLI- CANISM BY THE POPE DOM.

*A History of the Christian Church—Middle Age.* By C. Hardwick, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall, &c. Cambridge, McMillan and Co.

NIGHTINGALE'S statement relative to the literary injustice practised on Catholics, is as applicable now, as it was when originally penned. "In scarcely a single instance," he says, "has a case concerning the Catholics been fairly stated, or the channels of history not been grossly, not to say wickedly, corrupted."\* Assuredly the work recently published by the Rev. C. Hardwick will not allow us to qualify this observation. The *History of the Christian Church* is one continuous attack on, or misrepresentation of, the faith of our forefathers during a period of nearly 900 years, and an open or stealthy defence of nearly every heresiarch who has dared to oppose the Church, and set up a paper Pope for one of flesh and blood, and private opinions respecting religion in lieu of the authoritative declarations enunciated by a divinely-commisioned ministry. Even blasphemies based on Docetic views of Christ and His redemption are hailed as indications of "a more healthy feeling;" and the East, notwithstanding its Arianism, Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and Sabellianism; notwithstanding, too, its portentous systems, fashioned by Manes, Mahomet, and the Massilianists,—is uniformly preferred to the West, which strenuously defended the character of our Lord,

\* *Religions of All Nations.*

and opposed the above-named, as well as numerous other soul-destroying heresies. Believe the Church in communion with Rome to be

“A Babel, Antichrist, and Pope, and Devil.”

and subscribe certain statements opposed to all authentic history, in connection with the doctrines, practices, and governmental system advocated here and elsewhere for hundreds of years prior to the introduction of the Reformation, and you will not fail to insure the favour of the author of the *Christian Church*!

It was hardly necessary for this author to inform the reader of the bias of his mind; for that bias is clearly indicated in every page of his writings. “With regard to the opinions,” he informs us, “(or as some of our Germanic neighbours would have said, the stand-point) of the author, I am willing to avow distinctly that I always construe history with the specific prepossessions of an Englishman; and what is more, with those which of necessity belong to members of the English Church.” We cannot question the accuracy of this acknowledgment. The author *does* construe history according to his Anglican prepossessions; and the result is, that he has not given us a history of the past, but a history of his own interpretations of the past. He does not, in order to estimate the belief and practices of former ages, either consider the public, liturgical, and monumental evidences of religion at any given time, or endeavour, by a distinct apprehension of the principles generative of doctrine and practice, to throw himself back, as it were, upon the times which he pretends to describe; but, instead of this, he puzzles himself with words, or the ebullitions of proscribed and condemned dogmatisers, or the theories of a few schoolmen, and then, judging all things by the Anglicanism of the nineteenth century, pronounces sentence on the former faith of Christendom. To write thus, is not to write history. An apology, derived from the worst sources, may indeed in this manner be drawn up for any kind of sectarianism; but the page of history will receive no addition from such a document. From the historian we require a clear and full statement of facts; we require patient research, great discrimination, and a representation of events just as they appeared to the men who were the actors in the scenes which are described; we require that what is ancient and venerable and Catholic be represented as ancient and venerable and Catholic, and that novelty be held up as something novel. Further, as far as may be, effects should be traced to their causes; and these causes should be brought forward as conspicuously and

prominently as contemporary evidence may permit. In a word, the historian must consider himself to be the chronicler of *facts*, and not confound his character with that of the romancer, the novelist, or the apologist of a party.

We look upon Mr. Hardwick's work as a complete failure in every way; nor should we have condescended to notice it but for the following reasons: 1. This *History* may, and probably will, procure a considerable *run*. It is not the author's first production. Already he has published a volume of sermons, which has met with the approbation of some reviewers; and his *History of the Articles of Religion* has been honourably mentioned by the *Guardian*, *Christian Remembrancer*, and *English Review*, as also by some other journals both domestic and foreign. Deceived by the praises lavished on former publications, numbers may feel disposed to purchase and peruse this present work, which no real scholar can praise or recommend on any ground whatsoever. 2. But another motive mainly impels us to enter on the disagreeable task of exposure of another's ignorance and misrepresentations. We are fearful lest the appearance of learning may be mistaken by the unlearned for its reality; lest the endless references to ancient authors which characterise every page of the work, from the first to the last chapter, may be looked upon as confirmations of positions unfounded on fact, and directly opposed to the known faith and practices of those very men whose writings are so frequently and confidently appealed to in favour of the system "advocated by the specific prepossessions of Englishmen." To expose this unfairness, and destroy the effect of these references, which seem to exclaim

"Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem,"

becomes almost a duty, under existing circumstances.

We shall not, however, attempt to follow our author in his extensive wanderings through the domain of religion. Scarcely any doctrine or practice has escaped his observation and censure. Images and saints and relics; feasts, hours, and canonisations; indulgences, purgatory, prayers for the dead, and the distinction of venial and mortal sins; legends, saints' lives, and the decalogue; celibacy of the clergy, general councils, Scriptures and Knights-Templars,—to omit numerous other matters to which we cannot distinctly refer even *en passant*,—are brought under review, in season and out of season, to receive the censure of the modern "historian" and the "construction which the specific prepossessions of Englishmen" have been pleased to put upon them. To one matter we would wish to direct our readers' attention in a more parti-

cular manner, namely, to Mr. Hardwick's theory relative to the faith of the British and Irish Churches, and the gradual extension of the Papal supremacy. The theory may be comprised under the following heads:

1. The system advocated by St. Augustine being entirely of extraneous growth, and framed on the Roman model, differed not a little from that of the British and Irish Churches, which had no connection or religious sympathies with Rome. 2. Both Britons and Irish, in fact, absolutely rejected the Papal supremacy. 3. This is manifested, in respect to the former, by the conduct of Dinooth and the prelates who met Augustine at the second conference, which was held on the borders of the territories of the Wicci and West Saxons; whilst the language of Columban establishes the fact in regard of the latter. 4. In fact, the supremacy of Rome was a consequence of the ignorance of the seventh and eighth centuries; after which periods it continued to spread, till, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it attained its greatest elevation under the Pontiffs Gregory VII. and Innocent III. Such is the system of Mr. Hardwick,—a system which has not indeed the charm of novelty to recommend it; for Soames, and Palmer, and Neander, whom Hardwick blindly follows, have already given to the world the result of their discoveries in search of this *illusory San Borondo*. Let us see if it can bear investigation; if, on approaching to examine it carefully, it does not, like the fabled island, wholly disappear; vanishing into thin air, like every other spectral form.

Whence, then, first, did the Britons and Irish receive their faith? Was it from messengers sent by Rome, or were they indebted for the privilege to other missionaries, opposed to and independent of Rome? If to Rome they owed their Christianity and their Church, then the Church of the Anglo-Saxon was not of more extraneous growth than that of the Briton and the Scot or Irishman. Now, if we know any thing of the conversion of Britain, or of the sister island prior to the occupation of the former country by the Saxon, it is this, that both Britons and Irish received their religion from Rome. We are told by Venerable Bede—and his testimony is borne out by every ancient writer who refers to the christianising of Britain—that Pope Eleutherius sent hither missionaries at the request of King Lucius; and that subsequently a Church was established here by his authority, which faithfully professed the faith which it had originally received from Rome. This origin of the British Church is frequently referred to by the authors of the *Liber Landavensis* and the *Triads*; and it is further established by the fact of the Bishops of Britain

assisting at the Councils of Arles and Sardica and Nice with the Eastern and Western prelates, who professed the faith and obeyed the instructions of Rome, and hailed the Pontiff as their head and the spiritual ruler of Christendom.

Further, we are informed that when the insidious and *snake-like* Pelagians endeavoured to circulate the poison of their heresy through the British Church, another Pontiff—Pope Celestine—sent hither two prelates from Gaul to defend the ancient faith. They came *in place* of the Pontiff, opposed the new dogmatisers, and absolutely crushed the rising heresy. The Britons had an altar and a sacrifice, and an anointed priesthood, such as Rome has always had; monks dwelt within the peaceful cloister, who had solemnly consecrated themselves by vow to God; and the priesthood claimed, and people admitted, the ministerial power of “binding and loosing.”

And, indeed, what are the differences which Mr. Hardwick has discovered between the indigenous or *Eastern* faith of the Britons and the extraneous creed of the Saxon? Has *any* discrepancy been as yet found,—found after the careful perusal of documents, and the ransacking of evidence which has been brought to light during the last 300 years? Let us see. 1. We are told that Easter was kept on different days by the two Churches of Rome and Britain. 2. That the form of the tonsure was dissimilar. 3. That in Baptism no chrism was used; and 4. We are assured, on the authority of Giesler, that the British priests were married, and had a peculiar liturgy and code of monastic laws. Now, admitting, for argument’s sake, all this to be true, what difference of faith has been discovered? None,—absolutely none. Not a point referred to even remotely touches upon belief.

1. That the Britons once kept Easter with the rest of the western world is universally admitted. This is distinctly proved from the decisions of Arles and Nice, which were received in Britain as well as elsewhere; and the Roman mode of keeping Easter is admittedly the correct one. If a difference eventually existed, it can easily be accounted for. After the time of St. Patrick, Rome adopted a more exact cycle for the computation of the paschal-tide than had been previously used; instead of the cycle of eighty-four years, previously in use, the more correct one of nineteen years was followed. But owing to the calamities of the times, Britain was unacquainted with the change; and hence originated the difference and the error alluded to.

2. As for the most appropriate form of the tonsure, this is a matter which we will leave to the serious consideration of the gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge, who possess, if we

may credit the observations of the present leader of the House of Commons, an abundance of learned leisure; assuredly we shall seek in vain for a revelation on this and similar subjects.

3. Even if it were true that no chrism was used by the British in the administration of Baptism, it is clear that such an omission neither affected the sacrament nor faith. But it is not true, as far at least as any proof has been offered of this assertion; for the words *completere baptismum*, on which the statement rests, have no reference to Baptism in itself: they regard something wholly different and distinct from Baptism,—the sacramental rite, known then and now under the name of the *completion of Baptism*, to wit, Confirmation; which the Britons, it would seem, like the Catholics of the present day, delayed to administer for some time after the administration of Baptism.

4. A peculiar liturgy, or distinctive monastic rules, do not of themselves involve the supposition of any peculiarity in belief. Down to the period of the Reformation, Bangor and York, Sarum and Hereford, had, though Catholic in the strictest sense of the word, and closely united to Rome, their peculiar *uses* or liturgies; and of the diversity of monastic rules in the Catholic Church no one can be ignorant. These differences were a consequence of union with Rome; which, for wise ends,—ends suggested by local needs, or local habits, or local gratitude,—sanctioned and authorised the diversity.

5. We must confess that, though we have devoted some time to the examination, we have failed altogether to discover either the names, the abodes, the characters, or the deeds of the wives of British clergymen. Some discoverer of “Per-nanzabulo, or the lost Church found,” may perhaps in later days interest the world by the publication of records entitled “the lost wife found;” but as yet we must plead wholly ignorant of the fact. Nor do we think that Mr. Hardwick would have contented himself with referring to Giesler as his only authority, had the discovery been very certain. We do indeed learn from Gildas, that some of the British clergy disgraced their profession by the irregularity of their lives prior to the scourging which they received from the Saxon: they “expelled from their houses their religious mother perhaps, or their sisters, and familiarly and indecently entertained strange women, as if it were for some secret office, . . . debasing themselves unto such bad creatures;” but of a wife, we repeat it, we find no mention whatsoever in the history of the British Church from the year 179 down to the year 597. Now, had there existed such a class of clerical helpmates, surely we must have heard of them. Anglicanism has not

lasted as long as the British Church; but can the history of Anglicanism be handed down to any age without numerous and very distinct references to the wives and families of the clerical body? We think not; and further, we are decidedly of opinion that the wives of British bishops and priests would not have been passed unnoticed, had they ever existed. We read of the illicit intercourse of the clergy, and we are even told why mothers and sisters are quietly sent away: if there were wives in the manse or the palace, why are not they mentioned, as well as mothers, sisters, and abandoned characters? How did the wives treat the destroyers of their happiness and the infringers of their rights? what was done with them?

The proofs, then, of the existence of a Church in this country, not Roman, are none; the evidences all look one way—they distinctly point to Rome as the founder and the conservator of the British Church, as well as of the Church of the Saxon: the origin of both was equally *extraneous*.

Nor are we left in the dark concerning the origin of the Irish Church. Prosper, who wrote in the year 440, and who was raised to the responsible position of secretary to Pope Celestine, informs us, that "whilst Celestine strove to keep the Roman island (Britain) Catholic, he made a barbarous one (Ireland) Christian."\* By this author, too, we are assured that Palladius was the first bishop sent by the Pontiff to Ireland; † and his testimony is distinctly referred to by Venerable Bede, and confirmed by all other authorities of an ancient date whose writings have come down to our times. Columban avers that to Rome Ireland owed her Christianity. "We are Irish," he says, "receiving nothing beyond the evangelical and apostolical doctrine. None of us has been a heretic, none a Jew, none a schismatic; but the faith, just as it was originally handed down by you, the successors, to wit, of the holy Apostles, is held unshaken. . . . I have promised for you that the Roman Church would defend no heretic against the Catholic faith, as it beseems the scholars to think of the master."‡ Equally distinct is the testimony of Probus, who wrote the life of St. Patrick in the ninth century. "Palladius," he observes, "archdeacon of Pope Celestine, who was the forty-fifth from St. Peter who ruled the Apostolic See, was ordained by this Pope (Celestine), and sent to convert this island."§ Again, we read the following words in the *Annals of the four Masters*: "In this year (430) Celestine, the Pope, sent Palladius, the Bishop of Ireland, to

\* *Contra Collat.* c. xli.      † *Idem ad ann. 434.*

‡ *Epist. ad Bonif. apud Galland.* t. xii. p. 352.

§ *De Vitâ S. Patricii apud Bedam.*

preach the faith to the Irish."\* To be brief, if the reader will consult the *Antiquities* of Usher, he will find it clearly proved that Rome sent missionaries to Ireland, and that Irish prelates repaired to Rome on matters connected with religion, from the earliest period, as regularly as have their successors in more modern times, notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers which travellers had formerly to experience.

And Ireland's second bishop and apostle, St. Patrick, received his mission from Rome, even as Palladius had done. Of this we are assured by Mark, who wrote the life of St. Kieran, as also by Nennius, and others. Since the testimony is nearly in every case substantially the same, and expressed in similar language, we shall content ourselves with recording the precise words of the second-named author, the well-known Nennius: "When the death of Bishop Palladius was made known, he (Patrick) was sent by Celestine, the Roman Pontiff, . . . to convert the Irish to the faith of the Holy Trinity."† Clearly both the Britons and the Irish owed their faith to the Pope's zeal and apostolical endeavours; and the faith of the Saxon was not more *extraneous* than that which Britain and Ireland professed prior to the advent of Augustine and his companions. If Augustine offered up the Mass and prayed for the dead, and invoked the aid and trusted in the intercession of blessed Saints; if he "changed the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Lord;" if monks taught and sang the praises of Almighty God,—did not the Britons and the Irish too offer up the unbloody sacrifice, pray for departed friends, invoke Mary and Bridget, and adorn the land with holy houses for the reception of the cowled fraternity? Yes; and reference to ancient authorities will satisfy any dispassionate reader on this head. And further, we find Irishmen toiling with Italians, Britons, and Gauls, in the discharge of the duties of the ministry, in nearly every savage and unconverted country of Europe. All this looks like unity of faith, emanating from the same source, and tending to one great end—the spread, not of an insular, isolated, and national creed, but of a Catholic Church,—a Church which knew of no other limits to her rights and capabilities than the boundaries of the habitable globe.

But, secondly, did not both Britons and Irishmen reject, at all events, the supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs? was not this an unfounded claim, originating in the ignorance of society and of the Church at large, and the cunning and restless ambition of the successors of the fisherman? There is not so

\* Apud Scrip. Reg. Hibern, t. iii. p. 96.

† Hist. Brit. p. 80-81, and Usher, p. 409.

much as a shadow of evidence in favour of the reality of this fondly-cherished day-dream. The only plea ever set up for the maintenance of this opinion—so far at least as the British Church is concerned—is the opposition made to Augustine by the bishops and monks, who met together on the confines of the territory of the Wicci and West Saxons about the year 603. Now, what are the *facts* connected with this meeting which have been handed down to us? These: 1. Seven British prelates and many learned men—monks of the monastery of Bangor-Iscoed—met Augustine. 2. Before, however, meeting in council, they consulted a hermit famed for his piety about the propriety of abandoning, at the request of Augustine, the customs to which we have already directed the attention of our readers. 3. The answer given was the following: “If he be a man of God, follow him;” and this was to be the evidence of Augustine’s character: if he was meek and lowly of heart, if he rose at the approach of the Britons, then he was to be recognised as the servant of Christ; whereas, if he did not do so, then were they to reject him; because, by omitting to rise, he would have given an unequivocal sign of his contempt for those with whom he was about to treat. 4. Unfortunately Augustine did not rise; and the result was anger and indignation, and the rejection of the apostle of the Saxons. 5. Still, Augustine addressed the assembled fathers; he proposed that they should keep Easter, and *complete* Baptism according to the Roman custom, and join with him in preaching to the English. But this request was urged in vain; the reply was a refusal: “they would, they said, do none of those things, nor would they receive him as their archbishop; for, they observed, if he would not now rise up to us, how much more will he contemn us, as of no worth, if we shall begin to be under his subjection!”\* Such is the amount of *historic* evidence which we possess relative to this important conference.†

Notwithstanding, then, first, all the wild statements relative to the Abbot Dinooth, the hero of the Protestant romance of the independence of the British Church and the rejection of the primacy of Rome, there is no reason whatsoever for asserting that he was even present at the conference. 2. The authority of the Pontiff of Rome was not so much as named, much less was it made *the* matter of discussion. The Britons did, indeed, in accordance with the hermit’s suggestion, reject Augustine and his proposals; but not on doctrinal grounds, but for reasons widely different, and of a merely personal nature: he did *not rise*, he did not honour his visitors; and

\* Bede, I. ii. c. 2. † Codex dip. Aevi Sax. vol. i. p. v.

for this want of attention they refused to obey him. Such a flimsy pretext, such a tottering reed, will not surely suffice to sustain and prop up the British Church; nor will any sensible person seriously maintain that the Britons would, had they believed in their own independence, have staked it on such an accident as the rising up or sitting down of one individual. The supposition is too absurd either to be refuted or to be entertained. Passion and crime, and the fear of being despised, are the only assignable motives for the rejection, not of the supreme Pontiff, but of Augustine. They *did not want* the new archbishop; and there was reason enough for this expression of feeling, in case they were unprepared for such a reformation as their unholy and undisciplined lives required. Assuredly Pope Gregory, who was at least as well acquainted with the prerogatives of his see as either Dinooth or the British clergy can be reasonably supposed to have been with theirs, claimed a right to govern this country, as well as Gaul and the rest of Christendom. And when Venerable Bede tells us that this Pontiff “bore the pontifical power over all the world, and was placed over the Churches already reduced to the faith of truth,”\* he only stated a fact to which the world, both theoretically and practically, unequivocally assented. It would be well, too, if Mr. Hardwick, and writers of the same school, would bear in mind, that if *they claim independence*, on account of the refractoriness of some few individuals about whom they are thoroughly ignorant, for the present English Church, *they are forced to borrow their orders from the Church of that very Augustine, with whom neither British bishops nor British monks would at first hold communion!*

As for the haughtiness of deportment and the threatening language of Augustine, “destructive of the freedom of the Britons, which was the signal for a harsh and spirited resistance” prior to the refusal of the council to listen to the archbishop’s demands, this is an addition of our author’s. In vain will the reader endeavour to discover any thing of this nature in our ancient annals. But of two things we are informed, which should not have been omitted, if the reader is expected to decide on the respective merits of the contending parties. First, we are informed that, at a previous meeting, God evidenced the mission of Augustine by enabling him to heal the blind; and secondly, we are told that, at the second conference, the Roman envoy prophesied the awful results which too quickly followed the rejection of himself and his proposals. These are historic facts,—facts more valuable than ten thousand conjectures and theories and speeches framed for Di-

\* L. ii. c. 1.

nooth and his monks by Hardwick, and Soames, and Lappen-berg; and, for more reasons than one, these facts should be recorded and dwelt upon. The miraculous interposition is as well authenticated as the history of the conferences themselves! The mission from Rome was blessed by Heaven, and proved to be Divine.

After what has been said regarding the introduction of Christianity into Ireland by the Pontiff Celestine, it will not be requisite to write at length about the admission of the Papal supremacy by the Irish; for every reader will at once see that there, as elsewhere, this dogma must have been admitted with all its consequences. The line of ministers had its origin in Rome, and with Rome it continued united during every change of dynasty. It was decreed, in a synod presided over by St. Patrick, that "if any questions arise in this island (Ireland), they are to be referred to the Apostolic See."\* Nor was this recognition merely a verbal one; for on the very first occasion of serious dispute which arose,—this dispute regarded the time of keeping Easter,—it was resolved that "the question should be referred to the Head of Cities;" and accordingly messengers were sent to consult the oracle of the Apostolic See. On their return in 633, the Roman mode of computing Easter was received all over Munster, and in the greater part of Leinster and Connaught. At last Adamnan urged its reception in Ulster; and about the year 704 it was received in every diocese throughout the northern districts of Ireland.† Observe, again, the striking language of Columban, about whose opinions Mr. Hardwick has spoken in the most dubious and hesitating manner. "To the Holy Lord and Roman Father in Christ, the most beautiful comeliness of the Church, the most august flower, as it were, of the whole of drooping Europe, the illustrious watchman, &c., I, the Barjona, the lowly Columban, send health in Christ." He next declares, "that it does not become him to discuss the Easter question with the *great authority* seated in the chair of Peter, the Apostle and key-bearer." Afterwards, he asks what is to be done with those who have been simoniacally promoted to the episcopacy, and with others who, from holy motives, leave the place where they had made their religious profession?" He adds, that "he would have visited the Pontiff in person, but for the weak state of his health," &c.‡ Boniface he styles "the Holy Lord and Apostolic Father." Again he alludes to his wish to visit the Apostolic See; and speaking "of the unity of faith" existing between himself and

\* Wilkins Concil. t. i. p. 6.

† Bede, l. v. c. 15.

‡ Epist. i. ad Greg. Papam. l. 2. c. 1.

the Pontiff, he beseeches him to "strengthen with his holy sanction the tradition of the elders, if it be not against faith," "with which we may be enabled, through thy adjudication, to keep the rite of Easter as we received it from our fathers."\* In fine, he calls the same Pontiff "the most beautiful Head of all the Churches of the whole of Europe, . . . the very elevated Prelate, the Shepherd of shepherds;" and he adds, "we are bound to the Chair of St. Peter;" and "through this Chair Rome is great and illustrious amongst us." And his scholar and biographer, Jonas, adopts throughout the language of his master. Speaking of the contumacious and schismatical Agrestius, he says: "On account of the disagreement of the *three chapters*, the citizens of Aquileia dissent from the communion of the Holy See, concerning which the Lord speaks in the Gospel to blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles: 'Thou art Peter, and on this Rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Therefore coming to Aquileia, he (Agrestius) becoming at once a member of the schism, was separated from the communion of the Holy See, and divided from the communion of the entire world," &c.† After this period we find men, like Cummian, consulting Rome, as the Head and Mistress of all Churches, and Pontiffs, like Honorius and John IV.,‡ deciding authoritatively, and commanding obedience even in matters merely of a disciplinary nature regarding the Irish Church. Prelates and priests, like Dichul and Kilian, are seen hastening to the Pontiff, in order to ask his advice and receive his blessing. In fact, nothing which can establish the national belief in the singular power and prerogatives of Rome, at any after-period, was wanting in the earliest ages of Ireland's Christianity. It has been observed by an accurate scholar of the Protestant party, that "the union of European Christendom under the Pope was the arrangement which had lasted, under God's providence, ever since the barbarians had been christianised; it was the dispensation which was natural and familiar to men; the only one they could imagine,—a dispensation, moreover, under which religion had achieved its conquests. The notion of being independent of the See of Rome was one which was never found among the thoughts of a religious man even as a possibility; which never occurred even to an irreligious one, except as involving disobedience and rebellion." And this writer's subsequent remark is pertinent, and deserving of Mr. Hardwick's most serious consideration. "We would have people reflect who shrink from

\* *Epist. ad Bonif. IV.*

† *Act SS. ord. S. Benedict. t. ii. p. 110.*

‡ *Bede, l. ii. c. xix.*

looking with favour on any person, or any policy, which strengthened the See of Rome, that there was a time when the authority of the Pope was no controverted dogma, when it was as much a matter of course, *even to those who opposed its exercise*, as much an understood and received point as the primacy of Canterbury and the king's supremacy are with us.”\*

What system, then, does Mr. Hardwick still maintain, in the face of all this evidence? Why this: “That it was not till the Papacy of Hadrian I. that a claim to the pastorship of all the Church was fully brought to light.” Not till the Papacy of Hadrian I.! Why, has he never read what Venerable Bede, who died nearly forty years before Hadrian's Pontificate, stated relative to the extension of the Papal jurisdiction over the whole of Christendom? Has he forgotten the declaration of Columban, and of those other early writers to whose statements we have already several times referred? Is he so grossly ignorant of all former history, of the writings of Popes and Bishops, and of their actions too, as not to know that the Pontiffs appear at every time vivifying, animating, energising, ruling the whole Christian body? Did not Clement show his power in his conduct towards the Church of Corinth? Did not Victor too during the paschal controversy? Did Stephen act like one doubting of his power, when threatening Cyprian and the prelates of the East; and when Julius restored Athanasius to his see of Alexandria, and Innocent Chrysostom to that of Constantinople, did they behave like men who were mere pretenders and usurpers? Did Siricius, when he stated, “that he bore the burdens of all, as the heir of the government of St. Peter?”† or Pope Athanasius, who “visited by letters, as far as he was able, the members of his body scattered through the various regions of this earth, in order to prevent profane innovations?”‡ or Innocent, who said, “that his was the solicitude for all the Churches;” and “that no decision was decisive until approved of by Roman authority;” and “that he had to consult the common interests of all the Churches throughout the whole world,”§ use a novel and till then unheard-of language? Did Zosimus, when he declared that “the tradition of the Fathers had assigned so great an authority to the Apostolic See, that no one should dare to dispute about a judgment given by it, and that he had charge of all the Churches,” innovate?|| and when Boni-

\* British Critic, No. 65, p. 35 (1843).

§ Epist. xxx. and clxxxi.

† Epist. ad Himer. Tarrac. Episc. n. 1.

|| Epist. xi. ad Afros.

‡ Epist. i. ad Joann. Hieros. n. 5.

face\* and Celestine† called Rufus of Thessalonica their vicegerent,—one holding the place of the Pontiff,—did that bishop either disclaim or deny the position of the Pontiff? In fine—for we must end this matter somewhere—did not Pope Celestine declare that “his charge regarded all men;”‡ and St. Leo assert, “that although all pastors preside with great solicitude over their own flocks, yet with all of them that solicitude is shared by us; nor is there any one’s administration which is not a portion of our labours; so that whilst recourse is had from every part of the world to the See of the blessed Apostle Peter, . . . we feel that the burden lies upon us by so much the heavier, as we owe to all more than any other?”§

But what is the peculiarity of Hadrian’s language, that Mr. Hardwick should assign to him so conspicuous a place in the development of the Papal supremacy? To us his language sounds much the same as that of all preceding Popes. “The Apostolie See is the head of the whole world and of all the Churches of God;” “the solicitude of which, *divinely* delegated, is due to all the Churches.” Is this the novel language? Why, there is not one Pontiff whose writings have come down to us who does not use either the very words ascribed to Hadrian, or expressions tantamount to, or even stronger than the above. In fact, the citations just adduced are a distinct proof of this assertion; and the language of the Pontiffs was adopted unhesitatingly by the prelates of the early Church. In the Council of Chalcedon, Rome is called “the head of all Churches,” and Leo the “œcumencial Bishop,” and “the foundation of the orthodox faith.”|| The Pontiff was known as the Vicar of Christ; and it was decreed that the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church has been raised above the other Churches, not by any synodal decree, but by the evangelical voice of our Lord and Saviour it has received the supremacy.”¶

And to be candid, notwithstanding his rashness and willingness to believe any thing or every thing against the right of the Pontiffs, in favour of the pretensions or assertions of others, even Mr. Hardwick shows that he is not sure of his ground. His is a thermometric variableness; his notions rise and fall according to the accident of approach to, or retrogradation from, the fervent language of the orthodox who cross his path at nearly every turn. For one out of many proofs which might be pointed to, we refer the reader to what he says at page 40 of his history. Nor, if we examine the evi-

\* Epist. v.

§ Serm. v. in Nat. Ord. c. 2.

† Epist. iii. ad Epis. Illyr.

|| Labbe, t. iv. col. 93, 399, and 424.

‡ L. c.

¶ Dec. Conc. Romani sub Gelasio, apud Labbe, t. iv. col. 1261.

dence on which he rests his system, shall we have any reason to admire either the honesty or the learning or the logic of the historian of the middle age! His authorities are nought, and his supports are the veriest reeds. Indeed, the only feeling which comes over us whilst perusing the authorities on which he relies, is one of deep regret, regret to find an individual, who affects the scholar, and cites the works of nearly every writer who graced the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman periods, not to speak of earlier compositions, adducing documents which are admittedly either spurious or of no authority, because at the *best* of doubtful authority; and which, even if genuine, do not in fact at all bear on the matter in proof of which they are alleged. For example, the twenty-eighth canon of Chalcedon was drawn up in the absence of the papal legates, and was at once rejected by Leo, as it was afterwards by Leo's successors. And indeed, so conscious are the Greeks of the nullity of this canon, that they entirely omit all mention of it in their conciliary collections.\* Nor is the authenticity of the third canon of Constantinople established.† But allowing, for argument's sake, the authenticity of the two canons, what do they prove? That Rome is not supreme? No. This supremacy, as we have shown, was uniformly and universally admitted; it was not then questioned by any body who was recognised as a Christian. About what then do the canons in question treat? Not about the supremacy of Rome, but about the Roman patriarchate. Attempts were made to raise Constantinople to the dignity of the second patriarchate, to the degradation of Alexandria and Antioch; and the emperor was particularly anxious to effect this; but the Pontiff was inflexible. "The city of Constantinople," he observed, "has its privileges, but these are only secular—it is a royal city; but it cannot become an apostolic see. No dishonesty can tear away from the Churches their just rights as established by the canons; nor can the primacy of many metropolitans be invaded to gratify the ambition of one man. Alexandria ought not to lose the second rank for the crimes of an individual like Dioscorus, nor Antioch the third."‡ These words evince at once the real nature of the decision, and its inapplicability when used as an argument against the origin and extent of the Papal supremacy. In fact, there can be no better proof of Rome's supremacy than the unflinching conduct of Leo, and the eagerness of the eastern and western prelates, backed by the wishes of the emperor to obtain his as-

\* *Nat. Alex. diss. iv. in s̄ec. i. prop. 2, resp. ad 7.*

† *See Lupus in Scholiis ad hunc Can. t. i. p. 333 et seq.*

‡ *Epist. lxxviii. c. 3.*

sent to the precedence of Constantinople. As is obvious, too, the smallest encroachment was noticed and opposed and condemned by the Roman Pontiffs. Had the Pontiff's claim to an universal supremacy been a novelty, an assumption, the world would have rung with the boldness and arrogance of the Bishops of Rome; and Antioch and Alexandria and Constantinople would, in conjunction with the rest of the world, have denounced the usurper, and have refused to yield one iota to his pretensions. We have a guarantee for this in the constitution of our nature, as well as in the history of all usurpations; and a consequent refutation of the absurd supposition so strangely advocated by Hardwick and others, of a "gradual possession of the supreme authority," and "of metropolitans and others being content to become the vassals, instruments, and vicars of the Pontiff."\*

The Churches were subject on principle. They were bound to recognise the Pontiff as their head, for this was Christ's ordinance; and simply on account of this obligation did they call him head, and obey his commands. It is true, indeed, that sometimes the prelates were but stubborn children; but from this it would be unfair to deny the admitted principle of the necessity of obedience. Misconduct and disbelief are not correlative terms. Many a one practically rejects a Divine command, whilst theoretically his faith is as unshaken and as sound as ever.

To ascribe, as Mr. Hardwick does, any essential increase of power to the Pontiffs from the publication of the *Decretals* by Isidore the merchant, or Isidore the sinner—for as yet even the name of the man has to be discovered, so obscure was the writer of the collection, destined, if certain modern writers are to be relied upon, to effect the most stupendous change in the form of Church government which could have been devised—is neither more nor less than nonsense. This work appeared, it is said, in the first instance at Mayence, about the year 790, and then through the industry of Riculph, the Bishop of that city, several copies were sent elsewhere. The object even of the work, as well as the country, character, and position of the writer, are unknown. Whilst some writers, like Schmidt, maintain that the compilation was intended not to exalt the popedom, but to depress the metropolitans, and elevate proportionally the bishops, Blaso contends that the object of the author of the *Decretals* was this: to promote Mayence to the dignity of a patriarchate. This is at least clear; Isidore was but a bungler at the best. The texture of his work is unartistic, his anachronisms manifest; and of all the forgers with

\* See Hardwick, pp. 239, 240.

whose writings we are acquainted, he appears to us to be the least fitted to deceive even the unwary, and induce archbishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs to abandon original claims, and believe, in opposition to the traditions and practices of their respective sees, that really, after all, though the world had been ignorant of the fact for 800 years, the Roman Pontiff was the Shepherd of shepherds, the head of all churches, the successor of St. Peter, and the prelate whom the whole of Christendom was obliged to regard as its chief pastor. To suppose that the Catholic body was deceived by such an instrument, it will be necessary to allow that the world consisted of nothing else than madmen or fools in the ninth century; though it will be difficult to reconcile this important hypothesis with fact, when we remember that Syncellus and Alcuin and Paulinus; Ludger, Theodulph, Adalard, Nicephorus, and Agobard; Ratramn of Corbie, Egenard, Methodius, Walafrid Strabo, and Florus; Rabanus Maurus, Eulogius, Prudentius, Lupus, and Paschasius Radbert; Ado, Hinemar, and Scotus; Usuard and Alfred the Great, were the writers who flourished in this age; whilst Neot was planning the University of Oxford, and Ethelwolf was engaged in rebuilding the school for the English at Rome; and wise and zealous persons like Anschar and Rembert, and Methodius and Cyril, were preaching the gospel to Danes and Swedes and Bulgarians and Moravians and Sclavonians.

We could as soon be induced to believe that the forged gospels, and the numerous apocryphal scriptures which appeared in the earliest ages of Christianity, supplanted the true faith, and were made the basis of a new code of dogmas, commandments, and sacraments, and of an entirely dissimilar body of ministerial functionaries, as be persuaded that the pseudo-decretals of Isidore introduced the Catholic system of Church headship, and destroyed an earlier system, totally opposed to the supremacy of Rome. No; neither bishops, nor priests, nor laymen yield up their rights on the production of forged instruments. Even Mr. Hardwick would not abandon his claims to his works, or titles, or emoluments on such pretences; and are we, at this gentleman's bidding, to believe that a world abandoned rights of ten thousand times greater importance, because a forger—Isidore the sinner-merchant—palmed his Decretals upon the Church? Really such a demand on our credulity is somewhat exorbitant. Our author laughs at the legends and hagiography of former times; but we tell him that no legend was ever so absurd, and no miracle was ever half so wonderful, as the legend of the Isidorian metamorphosis, and the miraculous obliviousness in which Mr. Hard-

wick places such implicit faith. It is the legend of another *Sleepy Hollow*, which some Irvine has still to write.

In fact, as we have already shown, the Bishops of Rome possessed and exercised the duties of the supremacy ages anterior to the appearance of the Decretals in question; and however false the documents cited in the body of the work may be, these documents are in very many instances a fair exposition of the belief and practices of the ages to which they are assigned: with a few illustrations of this position, as far as it affects the supremacy and Mr. Hardwick, we will bring this subject to a conclusion.

It is said, then, in the first place, that "it is absolutely false that Bishops could not hold provincial synods, and give efficacy to their decrees, without the previous approval and ratification of those decrees by Rome; and that Isidore, by hazarding a contrary statement, clearly manifested his ignorance and his object." Now, is Isidore ignorant, or have his accusers deserved this epithet? Let us see. "Are you ignorant," says Pope Julius, who wrote nearly 500 years before Isidore was heard of, "that it is the custom to write to us in the first place, that a just definition may be hence obtained?" The words which have been paraded as false and spurious, and proof positive of Isidore's wicked object, are precisely those which we find in the *Tripartite History*, the author of which, whether he be Cassiodorus, as Valesius thinks, or the scholastic Epiphanius, as Tiraboschi imagines, lived some 300 years before Isidore. And Socrates was obviously of the same mind as the author of the Decretals; for referring to a council held at Antioch in 351, he observes, that "it was irregular in this respect, that Julius was not there represented." Nay more, was not Dioscorus publicly reprehended in the Council of Chalcedon, for "having presumed to hold a synod without the authorisation of the Holy See?" and was it not there further stated, "that this was a thing which was never done, and which could not be done lawfully?" Let the accusers of Isidore *study* the writings of antiquity, ere they presume to condemn, in the off-hand way they do, the writer or compiler of the Decretals. If, owing to circumstances, it ever happened that provincial or other synods were convened without the direct sanction of Rome, recourse was had to the Holy See for approval of the synodical enactments; and till this approval and ratification had been secured, it was believed that little or nothing had been done. If the words of St. Augustine, "*Roma locuta est, causa finita est;*" and those others of St. Innocent, "if greater causes should be agitated, let them, after the episcopal decision, be referred to the Apos-

tolic See, as the synod has decreed, and a happy custom demands;\* be borne in mind, the truthfulness of the Isidorian statement will not be questioned.

Fabian was called upon, in the third century, to ratify the sentence of condemnation passed on Privatus by an African council.† To Cornelius were sent the heads of the accusations urged against the schismatic Felicissimus;‡ whilst St. Leo assures us, that “therefore were the Bishops of the greater sees informed of the affairs of the provinces, that Rome might thus become cognisant of all that passed: “*Per quos ad unam Petri sedem universalis Ecclesiæ cura confluere*.”§

It is urged, as a second instance of the ignorance or bad faith of the author of the *Decretals*, that he pretends that the Popes alone had power to pronounce definitively on the conduct of Bishops.|| Now, we assert that this is no pretence, no fiction, but a great fact—a fact to which all ancient and authentic history testifies. For example: early in the fourth century St. Athanasius of Alexandria, Paul of Constantinople, Asclepas of Gaza, and many other Bishops from Thrace, Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, went to Rome, after having been condemned in several councils held at Tyre, Constantinople, and several other places, and referred their causes to the wisdom and equity of the supreme Pontiff: and we are informed that “when the Pope had heard their complaints . . . he, since on account of the dignity of his See the care of all belonged to him, restored to each his see, and wrote to the Bishops of the East, and reproached them for having, without previously consulting him, judged these men . . . If a suspicion of this nature had been entertained against a Bishop, it was requisite to refer it to our charity.”¶ Innocent restored Chrysostom, whom others had condemned and deposed; and acting as men supreme in matters ecclesiastical, prior to the time of Nicholas I., the Popes deposed no fewer than eight Bishops of Constantinople, as Nicholas expressly declares in his letter to the Emperor Michael. And it is known to every tyro in ecclesiastical history, how earnestly St. Cyprian solicited, in the third century, Cornelius to depose the unworthy Marcian, and substitute some fitter person in the see of Arles. In fine, St. Basil declares that when Eustatius, the Bishop of Sebaste, was condemned, he hastened to Rome, received a

\* Epist. ad Vitric. c. 6.

† S. Cyprian, epist. 55, and Baronius ad ann. 242, n. 3.

‡ Cyp., epist. 42.

§ Epist. xlvi. || Hardwick, p. 245. cf. 145, &c.

¶ See Socrates, l. ii. c. 2; Sozomen, l. iii. c. 7, and seq.; Epist. ad Episc. qui ex Antiochiâ scripserunt apud S. Athan. apol. ii.

letter of approval from Liberius, and in consequence was restored to his episcopal dignity.\*

We imagine that before this the reader will have felt pity for the ignorance of the author of the *Middle Age* on the question of the supremacy. On other subjects he has not exhibited either more ingenuousness or more accuracy: and it was our intention to have exposed him still further, by referring to his statements in connection with the sacramental system of the Church, the state of education in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, and the oft-exploded fable, which may be designated "Alfred and the Decalogue." But the length of our previous observations prevents us from touching on these and cognate matters.

The more we see of modern publications, the deeper is the impression made on our minds of the utter incapacity of Protestants to write a Church History. Catholicity is a puzzle, a mystery to them. To extricate themselves from the difficulties by which they find themselves surrounded, recourse is had to every sort of baseless conjecture and supposition; and thus their writings are disgraced by mis-statements and misconceptions of the most varying character. Unfortunately, we Catholics in England have written very little in the form of Church History. This we deeply regret; for we are strongly of opinion, that a clear historical exposition of the faith and practices of former ages would deeply interest not only the scholar but the public at large, and would tend to remove a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding, which has been allowed to accumulate against us during the last three centuries. We trust that the hour is at hand, when some scholars will enter fully into those historical questions which affect the faith of our forefathers, and will present to the public something worthy of the name of history. This is a consummation which we earnestly desire, and to which we specially direct the attention of our learned readers.

\* Epist. 263 (alias 74).

---

---

## Short Notices.

## THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &amp;c.

*Trials of a Mind in its progress to Catholicism.* By L. Silliman Ives, LL.D., late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina (Richardson and Son). This long-promised work has at length made its appearance, and will not be found to disappoint the expectations that its protracted delay will be likely to have occasioned. It is one of a class which, in days of popular libraries, reading for the rail, &c. &c. merits high commendation, on the ground of earnest reasoning, patient pursuit of truth, and solid and well-matured argument. We wish we could anticipate for it the large circle of readers which it deserves; but the truth is, that our popular temper cannot digest solid reasoning; it expects to find every subject treated with the piquancy of periodical literature far too much, to be likely to be universally captivated with a depth of thought and an earnestness of purpose so little like itself. Dr. Ives addresses his work to his late brethren of the Protestant episcopate and clergy; and its chief interest is intended to be found in those of that communion, who so far understand Christian liberty as to believe that they have a right to read a Catholic book. Unfortunately, however, the usual Protestant notion of Christian liberty is that of the strictest prohibition to have any thing whatever to do with what is Catholic; and in all probability, therefore, members of the Church of England will refuse to look into this work at all. That is to say: here is a man who for many years held an office of the highest authority among Protestants, and by and by abandons his position and seeks admission into the Catholic Church; then he writes in a most earnest and affectionate way to his former friends and brethren, to give them some account of what it is that he has done, and why he has done it; and what more natural remains, one would think, than that his former friends, struck by the circumstance, should now say to themselves, Clearly this is a singular case; the man has taken a most unusual step, and here is his justification of himself addressed to the public; he assures us that he is satisfied with the choice he has made; let us get his book and see what he has to say. But alas! there is a great obstacle in the way. Oh, no! you must not think for a moment of knowing what he has to say; the gospel law of liberty strictly forbids it! To the Catholic reader the work will be of interest, as it shows a rather complete instance of a convert brought to the Church in what Mr. Digby might call the way of ecclesiastical and doctrinal organisation.

*Why I submitted to the Church, and cannot be ashamed of it.* By C. J. Laprimaudaye, A.M., late curate of Lavington and Graffham (Burns and Lambert). These letters appear to have been written at the time of the author's conversion some three years ago; so that he expresses some fear lest their publication, after so long a delay, should be deemed unseasonable. "A good thing is never out of season," and "better late than never," are the proverbs which naturally occur to one's mind, after reading the letters themselves and the apology by which they are prefaced. The one point to which they are directed is this fundamental principle—the necessity of a living guide, having divine, and therefore unerring and supreme authority, in matters of faith; and the arguments by which this is established are clear and forcible in themselves, and at the same time expressed in a tone of most perfect

Christian gentleness and charity towards those for whose benefit they are intended.

We are glad to see a new edition called for of *Catholic Hymns, arranged in order for the Year* (Burns and Lambert). The type is much larger than in the former editions; which, though serviceable enough for schools, was hardly adapted to the eyes of adults, and the dim light of many of our churches. Several more hymns have also been added to the selection, which is thus rendered far more complete and practically useful for congregations. In a paper cover, the cost of a single copy, we believe, is only twopence. We beg to recommend it strongly to those who want such a thing.

The Rev. W. H. Anderdon has published an interesting *Lecture on Jesuitism* (Burns and Lambert), delivered at Leicester early in the past month. It consists of a series of sketches—all cleverly drawn, with a touch of delicate and good-humoured satire about them, well suited to the mixed Protestant audience for whom it was intended—first, of the Jesuit fabulous, or the Exeter-Hall portrait of him; then of the Jesuit actual, or the historical portrait; and lastly of the Jesuit supposed or suspected, to wit, the Puseyite parson, who ended, like Mr. A. himself, by being received into the Catholic Church. This section of the lecture has, of course, mainly a local and a personal interest; there are many parts of the country, however, where, *mutato nomine*, the *fabula* may be very truly and profitably narrated.

---

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Mr. Bell's *Annotated Edition of the English Poets* (J. W. Parker) has proceeded as far as the third and concluding volume of Dryden. The first volume of Cowper has also appeared. Mr. Bell's life of the sweet-tempered, melancholy-hearted poet is brief, but gives as good a general idea of that painful history as is to be gained from the poet's more elaborate biographers; we are almost disposed to think it gives even a better one. He mentions a particular which was new to us, but which presents a pleasing feature in the record of one whose virtues were his own, and whose errors were those of a frightful creed, forced upon him by spiritual tyranny. After Cowper became intimate with the Catholic family of the Throckmortons (by which he grievously offended the dark Calvinist Newton), he erased a savage passage in one of his published poems, and substituted another, which could give no pain to the kind friends in whose cheerful society and unaffected goodness he was finding so much relief and consolation. Mr. Bell prints the rejected passage in a note. The poems are throughout given in chronological order, with such prefatory remarks as are supplied by the poet's life and correspondence. In the writings of a poet so eminently autobiographical and genuine as Cowper, this arrangement adds a peculiar interest to Mr. Bell's edition.

The second volume of *Addison's Works*, in Bohn's *British Classics*, contains the papers from the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. Changed as the world is since the days when these inimitable papers appeared, the grace and wit of Addison's pen have given them a charm which will survive many a change yet to come. They certainly do not tend to

make one regret that the days of Queen Anne and the Georges are passed away.

*Armenia;—the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia*, by the Hon. R. Curzon (London, Murray). Mr. Curzon was sent to Erzeroom, in 1842, as one of the commissioners to settle the disputed boundaries between Turkey and Persia. He has made good use of his opportunities, and has written a valuable and lively book on this portion of the Asiatic dominions of the Porte. Though a Puseyite, at least aesthetically, he does not seem to have an idea that there are any other sins than theft, lying, and drunkenness; and by this standard he pronounces the Turks to be a more moral race, not only than the Christians whom they oppress, but also than the civilised people of Christendom. "The superiority of the Mahometan over the Christian cannot fail to strike the mind of an intelligent person who has lived among these races, as the fact is evident throughout the Turkish empire. This arises partly from the oppression which the Turkish rulers in the provinces have exercised for centuries over their Christian subjects: this is probably the chief reason. But the Turk obeys the dictates of his religion, the Christian does not; the Turk does not drink, the Christian gets drunk; the Turk is honest,—the Turkish peasant is a pattern of quiet good-humoured honesty,—the Christian is a liar and a cheat; his religion is so overgrown with the rank weeds of superstition, that it no longer serves to guide his mind in the right way," &c. Perhaps the Turkish cruelty and contempt for human suffering and death, of which this volume abounds with instances, is rather a barbarian virtue than a vice. The case seems to be pretty much the same as it was in Ireland; the oppressors commit the outrageous, but in some senses magnificent, crimes of gentlemen; the oppressed have the paltry and disgusting, but comparatively venial, vices of serfs.

*Westminster Abbey, or the Days of the Reformation*, by the author of "Whitefriars," &c., 3 vols. (London, Mortimer). If this were not a "religious" novel, it would probably be too disgusting for our sensitive English public. As it is, perhaps its obscenities and absurdities will be pardoned, in consideration of its being such a terrible show-up of monks and nuns,—almost equally so with the famous production of Maria Monk herself. The author has evidently studied the science of telling lies well; he has invested his tale with a kind of antiquarian savour, that will probably be attributed to his deep knowledge of history by those who wish to believe his insinuations. The chief characters in his book are, Sanegraal, Prior of Westminster, a model of a Popish saint, famed throughout England for his austerities, who murders a man for the purpose of introducing his widow into the abbey as precentor, and Roodspere, an illegitimate son of Cardinal Wolsey, a priest of strong moral principles, who seduces and marries a nun. We did not read the book through; but we assure our readers that we did not open a single page of it that was not either absurd from its pedantry and affectation, or disgusting from its obscenity and profanity.

*Remains of E. Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, with Reminiscences of his Life*, by R. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin (London, J. W. Parker). The eccentric occupant of the temporalities of the see of Dublin has taken occasion, in publishing a few philological and logical remarks of little value from the note-book of Dr. Copleston, and a few sermons from the same hand, to present to the public his own opinions on several subjects which are of more or less present interest, especially to the clerical world; such as the Oxford University Bill, and the

proposed limitation of the duration of fellowships ; the law against marriage with a deceased wife's sister—on which subject, he confesses that he is not certain what was the Bishop's view ; the English notion of the transference of the obligation of the Sabbath to the Sunday, which he pronounces to be an “Anglican figment,” as “unwarrantable” as “the denial of the cup to the laity ;” and the matter of Dr. Hampden, who is pronounced to be quite orthodox, and whose condemnation was the making of the “Tractite” party. The leaders of this party he considers to be conspirators, who saw clearly from the beginning where they must end ; he talks of their “insidious arts,” and of their plots to “endanger the Church, not only as an *endowed society*, but as a *Christian body*.” He pronounces that the clergyman who leaves the Church and becomes a Dissenter, even on grounds which he (Dr. Whately) considers frivolous, acts less schismatically than one who openly impugns the doctrine of another. Also, he thinks it more moral to be an Atheist, than to sign the Articles in a non-natural sense ; and in his own name, and in that of the subject of his reminiscences, he utterly repudiates the sacramental character of ordination, or “the transmission of a mysterious virtue from one individual to another.” The remarks on academical matters are judicious, and worth consideration ; on other subjects, especially with regard to the poor “Tractites,” he displays neither fairness nor good temper.

*Treasures of Art in Great Britain* ; being an account of the chief Collections of Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, illuminated MSS., by Dr. Waagen, Director of the Royal Academy of Pictures, Berlin. 3 vols. (London, Murray). The bulk of this voluminous production consists of mere catalogue ; but it is enriched also with an historical account of the rise and progress of art in England, of the beginnings and development of English collections, and with short estimates of the chief English artists. A new edition of the book should be better arranged, and purged of all such irrelevant details as the description of his sea-sickness, and of the dinners he ate in England. In his architectural descriptions he makes frequent mistakes ; as when he says that the choir of Winchester Cathedral is in the “late Norman style,” and the nave in “the richly-developed Gothic style here called ‘decorated English.’” Altogether it is the best book extant on the subject to which it relates ; it is an enlarged and recast edition of a former work.

*The Life of Girolamo Cardano of Milan, Physician.* By H. Morley. 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall). Cardano was a famous physician and astrologer in the sixteenth century ; a man of great talents, which would carry him on in any line on which he once embarked, far beyond most of his contemporaries ; and he lived in no despicable age. But withal, he was a man of such weak judgment in the choice of his lines and starting points, that all his speculations and labours have been fruitless. He has got just such a biographer as he deserved ; one who has laboriously gathered all the notices of his subject, which are scattered in voluminous works, and who has compiled an autobiography, in which all the fancies and beliefs of the strange figure are humoured, and where he is allowed to tell his own joys, and to bewail his sorrows in his own words. Mr. Morley is a humorist, and avails himself of the privilege of the cap and bells to throw dirt on the convictions of all religionists, Catholics and Protestants alike. The book is a very amusing one, and the style strikes us as something fresh and new. Mr. Morley seems to have opened a fresh vein of literature ; from which, however, we do not expect any great results.

*Days and Hours*, by Frederick Tennyson (London, J. W. Parker). A book of poems by a brother of the laureate. We have failed to discover a definite purpose or unity of idea in any one of them. The author may carve his separate stones well, but he has no architectonic faculty of putting them together.

*Wanderings of an Antiquary, chiefly upon the traces of the Romans in Britain*, by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. (London, Nichols). These papers (most of which have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*), are both picturesque and instructive; but we cannot *recommend* a writer who makes such a perfectly gratuitous statement as the following:

"In the earlier ages of Western Christianity two things were requisite for the foundation of a Church,—materials to build it with, and relies to give it sanctity. Both were furnished by an ancient site, the old buildings yielding the materials for construction, while there was generally a burial place near at hand, where the monks could find bones enough to create a saint. Such was the case at Verulanicum. Modern discoveries seem to show that the top of the hill where the Abbey Church now stands was one of the Roman cemeteries . . . . When the Saxon kings of Mercia were converted to Christianity, a church was built on the adjoining hill, and some of the buildings of the Roman city were demolished to furnish materials. The monks who built it wanted a saint; they found in a then popular Christian Latin poet, Fortunatus, mention of a man named Alban, who was said to have suffered martyrdom in Britain—

Albanum egregium fæcunda Britannia profert.

The Saxon monks accordingly dug up some Roman bones, declared that they belonged to the martyred body of St. Alban, and built their church upon the spot. Some denizen of the place next proceeded to make a life of the saint, and this has been preserved by the historian Bede," &c.

We cannot help noticing a complete parallel to this criticism of Mr. Wright in Mr. F. Newman's *Phases of Faith*, p. 135. Talking of the miracle of Josue, the standing still of the sun, he says: "In reading the passage, I for the first time observed that the narrative rests on the authority of a poetical book which bears the name of Jasher. He who composed 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon!' like other poets, called on the sun and moon to stand and look on Josue's deeds; but he could not anticipate that his words would be hardened into fact by a prosaic interpreter, and appealed to in proof of a stupendous miracle. The commentator could not tell what the moon had to do with it; yet he has quoted honestly." . . . Our readers will observe that both these arguments depend on the same assumption; if in an ancient history a poem is quoted to prove an extraordinary event, that poem is the only foundation for the belief in it, and is itself merely the production of the imagination of the poet. Henceforth, the easiest way to prove an event to be fabulous, will be to quote authority for it from a chronicle in rhyme.

*My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education*. By Hugh Miller (Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter). We do not hesitate to pronounce this volume to be one of the most curious and interesting accessions to contemporary literature that has come under our notice. Its author was born a Scottish peasant, was educated at a Scottish parish-school, and spent the best part of his youth and early manhood in the calling of a stonemason. Yet, by the force of his genius

alone he has established his reputation in the highest scientific circles as a first-class geologist, and has attained a raciness and masterly vigour of style surpassed by very few living writers of the English language. He delineates the original beauties of external nature with rare truthfulness and imaginative feeling; his portraits of Scottish character are not inferior to anything that Galt or Wilson ever wrote. As a geologist, he is an accurate and philosophical observer and an original discoverer, particularly in the series of palæozoic strata known as the *Devonian*, or *old red sandstone*. We had an opportunity, not long ago, of hearing him lecture on his favourite science, and were charmed as much by the variety and extent of his information, as by the modest diffidence of his manner. We are bound, however, to distinguish between Mr. Miller's excellence as a man of science and a powerful writer, and his character as a polemical theologian; for such he also is, like many of his countrymen. He will not expect our favourable opinion to follow him into this domain: indeed, as the editor of the leading Free-church newspaper, he is committed to a keen and uncompromising hostility to Erastianism in the Establishment, and Popery every where. There are one or two passages in this otherwise beautiful volume which no Catholic can read without pain. Yet, even on the subject of religion, his vigorous and independent mind emancipates itself from more than one of the commonly-accepted fallacies which pass current in his country as "gospel truth." It is a token of his possessing no small share of moral courage, that he should even conditionally advocate Sunday walking. With well-directed power, he explodes the intolerant notion that visitations of Providence, falling on one class of the community, must necessarily be intended as "a judgment" on the supposed misdeeds of another class who suffer nothing at all; a notion advocated in his hearing by a "minister" of some note, a quarter of a century ago. Truth, it seems, is to be spoken at last about the parish-schools of Scotland, which we have been made to believe models for the humble imitation of Christendom. Mr. Miller knows how false that idea is, and he is not afraid to say so. "I never knew any one who owed other than the merest smattering of theological knowledge to these institutions; and not a single individual who had ever derived from them any tincture, save the slightest, of religious feeling. So far as I can remember, I carried in my memory from school only a single remark at all theological in its character; and it was of a kind suited rather to do harm than good."

---

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*, Première série (Liege, Grandmont-Donders, 1853), containing literary notices, 1. of all the works published by members of the society, from its formation to the present day; and 2. of the apologies, religious controversies, literary and scientific criticisms, of which they have been the subjects, by Augustin and Alois de Backer, S.J. This first series gives an alphabetical list of the members of the society who have written books, with the titles of their works, and a short appreciation of the more remarkable and valuable among them; the second series ought to be most important and interesting.

*Relation abrégée de quelques Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans la nouvelle France*, par le P. F. J. Bressani, S.J. (Montreal,

John Lovell). Father Bressani was born in 1612, entered the society in 1627, and after teaching for some time in the Roman College, went as missioner to Canada, where he spent nine years among the Huron tribe. After this he fell into the hands of the Iroquois, who tortured him in a horrible manner, and sold him to the Dutch, by whom he was kindly treated, and taken back to Europe. In 1645 he returned to his old mission among the Hurons; but his health failing, he returned to Italy, where he published the interesting account of his labours (of which this is a translation) in 1653. It abounds with valuable information on the customs and opinions of the Indians of Canada.

*Des Etudes et de l'Enseignement des Jésuites à l'époque de leur suppression (1750-1773)*, par M. Abbé Maynard (Paris, Poussielgue-Rusand). This is an answer to that part of F. Theiner's work, *L'Histoire du Pontificat de Clément XIV.*, which treats on the style of Jesuit teaching at the period of the dissolution of the order. This is not the place to enter into this controversy; but those who have followed it ought to read this short and temperate defence of the order.

*Le Protestantisme et la Règle de Foi*, par le Rév. P. J. Perrone, S.J.; translated by M. l'Abbé A. C. Peltier (Paris, Louis Vivès). A French edition of the great work of Father Perrone, on which his future fame will be chiefly founded, translated with the concurrence of the author. It is to be hoped that we may soon have an English edition of this important book.

---

## Correspondence.

### THE MORTLAKE CHORAL SCHOOL.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—As you have already more than once referred in the *Rambler* to the subject of choral schools, will you kindly permit me to say a word or two by way of defence and explanation of the one which I have undertaken.

I say *defence*; for in a letter contained in your April number, the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley speaks of the plan of a choral school as surrounded with practical difficulties; yet in the first case he supposes, which is exactly the case of my school, viz. one in which the moral, general, and musical departments are undertaken by different persons, the only thing in the shape of a difficulty that he himself brings forward is, that "he thinks it far better to graft the musical education on poor or middle schools." Experience will show whether this is an easier or a better plan. Yet, at least, until the better system shall be adopted, this does not seem to me to be a reason for throwing cold water on the first systematic attempt to provide the "*ipsos instructores*" which he speaks of our wanting so much.

However, it is an easy thing to meet an objection founded on a reason. What I have at present found to be the greatest "practical difficulty" in the establishing my school—though it is only one that seems to attend every public undertaking—is the incredulity of people. If those who care for the subject would point out any particular defects or difficulties in the system of the school, and make suggestions how they were to be remedied, I could not but feel grateful to them; but when

the predictions of failure come from those who have not so much as made themselves acquainted with what one is undertaking, and the "friends" of the school shake their heads, and say that "they hear the thing is not succeeding," weeks, and even months, before it is begun, there seems, so far, at least, no reason for being discouraged.

What I wish to answer in defence is, that the school was opened at Easter, and is going on satisfactorily; and though it cannot be expected that, in the space of one month, any great results should have been obtained either in point of numbers or proficiency, yet any one who takes an interest in it may see it at work, and hear, if they please, the instructions given, whether in music or in general subjects.

In the second place, I wish to explain the precise idea of my school. From its being called "choral," many seem to view it simply as a school for teaching music. Unreasonably, I think; for none of the choral schools founded by our ancestors in this country, and from one of which the plan of my school was taken, are of this character. They are all grammar-schools; but in which music, systematically taught, is a part of the education. Perhaps it might have been better if I could have found a designation less liable to be misunderstood. But, however it may be as to the name, the idea of the school is, to furnish at a small expense an education suitable for boys whose ambition it is to be employed in some way about the Church. There is a large class of very promising lads in the middle and lower classes, who might be trained to serve as choristers. Now, while at the same time they receive a good general education, such as may fit them to be admitted into one of our seminaries, if they are found to have a vocation; and if not, to make an efficient set of schoolmasters, singing men, sacristans, &c.,—my idea is, to facilitate their education, by offering it at so low a rate that their parents or friends may be able to afford the expense. With this idea, I have refused several who were looking rather for a general education; as I wish to keep the particular object of the school steadily in view.

I have taken up too much of your valuable space; but as I know that you, as well as many of your readers, take an interest in any effort made to supply the acknowledged deficiencies of our present state in England, I hope this will be considered to excuse,

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

*St. Mary Magdalene, Mortlake,  
May 8th, 1854.*

J. G. WENHAM.

[We trust that the present correspondence (which must now end) will at least have the effect of bringing the subject of choral education more distinctly before such of our readers as may be able to lend a helping hand to so good a work as that which has been undertaken by Mr. Wenham. The particulars of his school were given at length in the *Rambler* for February last, at page 133. We wish him every success in his excellent undertaking, and at the same time take the liberty of suggesting to all persons who have the charge of the education of promising boys with good voices, a candid consideration of the peculiar advantages offered by Mr. Wenham's school.—ED. RAMBLER.]

END OF VOL. I.

